

THE
Richmond Heirefs :

O R, A

Woman Once in the Right.

A COMEDY,

ACTED

At the THEATRE ROYAL,

By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

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Written by Mr. D'URFET.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Samuel Briscoe, over-against Will's Coffee-House
in Covent-Garden. 1693.

THE

Richmond Herald

Case 135.D 9368

A

Woman Once in the Night

A COMEDY

ACTED

At the THEATRE ROYAL

By Their Majesties Servants

Written by M. J. R. F. E. C. 156833

L O N D O N

Printed for Edward Taylor, over against White Court House
in Cornhill London 1693.

1772.4.68

To the Honourable and my very much esteem'd Friend,

Sir NICHOLAS GARRARD, Bar.

SIR,

Great Courtesies, which are in their value beyond gratifying, grant the receiver this Excuse however; that he may expect a Pardon, if his Endeavour be answerable to his real Will and natural Ability.

I am extremely Sensible of the many Favours I have had from you, and I am as sensible of the very few ways my ill Stars make me capable of returning 'em this little flourish, Sir, is only to Introduce a common Truth, which your Judg^{mt} can inform your self very well without my telling; which is that a Poet has no better way of paying his Gratitude, than by an offering of the Fruits of his Brain, to the generous Person he is oblig'd to.

Sir, if I had not known you to be one that has made it some part of your business as well as diversion, to encourage things of this Nature, I should not have troubled you with this, but the Conversation which for some years I have had the honour to enjoy with you, has given me this boldness, assuring my self, that as you have the same good Humour as formerly, so you have a Gusto and Relish to taste with the same Appetite now, as you did at other times, when I have been so Happy to entertain you with the like sort of Treat.

Sir the Comedy I now present to you is in the best Judg^{mt} of my most judicious Friends one of the best of mine; and till I see more and better Matter and Humour in a scription of this kind, I shall not be uneasie when I think on the little poor abuses and disturbances of a malecontented Party, that like the Devil have for some late Years ow'd me an ill turn, and I have reason to fear now will never have done paying me.

The entertainment of Songs and Dances in it, as they gave more diversion than is usually seen in Comedy's, so they were perform'd with general Applause, and I think my Enemies have cause to say with greater than is ordinary; and though this had its Inconvenience by lengthning the whole Piece a little beyond the common time of Action, which at this time oth Year I am sensible is a very great Fault, yet the worst of malice has granted me this, that there appeared no defect of Genius, whatever there might of Judg^{mt}.

The Perusal therefore, Sir, most humbly I commit to yours, and dedicate both my self and it to you, whom I know to be a Man of honour and sence, in which attributes, I think all others are comprehended, and since I know your temper too well, to inlarge much upon Complement, or trouble you with impertinent Praise, I will only think of you as all the sensible World does that know ye, and make an humble Suit to ye to accept this Trifle as a mark of Gratitude from,

SIR,

Your most oblig'd,

And most humble Servant,

T. D'URFEY.

London, May 6.

1693.

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1772. A. 6. 2.

The Actors Names and Characters.

Sir Charles Romance,] A travell'd old Knight, grave and sententious, Guardian to the Heiress and Father-in-Law, yet contriving her for his Son. Acted by Mr. Freeman.

Sir Quibble Quere,] A soft, easie, half-witted Knight, credulous to an extravagant degree, perpetually asking Questions about the Play-House and Town-Intrigues, tho' always banter'd and kept in Ignorance. By Mr. Bright.

Tom Romance,] Son to Sir Charles; a young, vain, fluttering, lying-Fellow, always bragging of his Mistresses Favours, and shewing their Presents, perpetually intriguing, and never constant to any. By Mr. Powel.

Dr. Guicum,] An opinionated Chymical Doctor, a great pretender to cure Lunatics and Claps. By Mr. Sandford.

Frederick,] Half-Brother to Sir Quibble; a witty, young, Town-Spark, who through the Vice and Inconstancy of his Humour, tho' he were contracted to *Sophronia*, breaks off with her upon a slight occasion, to pursue an Intrigue with the Heiress, who has much the greater Fortune. By Mr. Williams.

Rice ap Shinkin,] A young, whimsical, Welsh Fop, that imitates *Tom Romance* in Intriguing, his Kinsman too and Companion. By Mr. Bowman.

Dick Stockjobb,] An opinionated impertinent Citizen, a great Stock-jobber, and always laying Wagers, and against the Government. By Mr. Underbill.

Hotspur,] A rash, hot headed, quarrelsome Fellow, Friend to *Frederick*, and intriguing with Mrs. *Stockjobb*. By Mr. Hudson.

Quickwit,] A witty, but poor Scholar, that being hired by *Frederick* to steal the Heiress, feigns himself mad, and takes upon him the Name of the Lord *de la Fool*. By Mr. Dogget.

Cunnington,] Subtle and mischievous, and Antagonist to *Quickwit* in his Design upon the Heiress. By Mr. Bowen.

Christopher,] Servant to Dr. *Guicum*.

Numps,] A Country-Fellow, employ'd as Servant to my Lord *de la Fool*.

W O M E N.

Fulvia,] The Heiress, a witty, generous, and virtuous young Lady, who being privately in love with *Frederick*, feigns her self lunatick to trick her Guardian, and avoid impertinent Suitors. Acted by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Sophronia,] A Female plain-dealer, passionate and high-spirited, very satyrical upon the Town Humours, and particularly severe upon *Frederick* for deserting her. By Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Stockjobb, alias *Pogry*,] *Stockjobb's* Wife, formerly a French-man's Widow in *Picardy*; but coming over as a Refugee, is married to *Stockjobb*, a trim, gay Coquette, yet pretending to Religion and Good-breeding. By Mrs. Bowman.

Madam Squeamish,] A young fantastical Creature of *Richmond*, horribly afraid of being Lampoon'd, and yet perpetually doing something or other to deserve it. By Mrs. Knight.

Marmalette,] An old ridiculous Waiting-Woman of *Fulvia's*, very desirous of a Husband, and contriving all she can to get one. By Mrs. Lee.

Povade,] A Waiting-Maid.

Mad men, Clown, Musicians, Singers, Dancers, Constable and Watch, Footmen and Attendants.

The Scene *Richmond-Hill*.

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Dogget, with a Fools Cap with Bells on his Head.

Fools are the Chief Support of Stage Affairs ;
 Were there no Fools, there then would be no Players.
 From the Country Oaf, the Citty, the Man of Law,
 The Courtier, and the Coffee house Jackdaw,
 To th' Clergyman, that Vice so slowly quells;
 All have strong Titles to the Cap with Bells :
 And I (Curse on't,) am fix'd here like a Glass,
 For every John a Nokes to see his Face.
 Had my kind Stars design'd me for a Shop,
 Made me some young, pert, lucky, thriving Fop,
 I might with Credit all the Town deceive,
 And cheat so long till I could fine for Shrieve :
 At least in Furrs, the City Livery wear,
 And come to eat a Custard with the Mayor.
 Or had my Fate, but that's too fine a Thing,
 Design'd me some Court Pest to cheat the King,
 Conscience would stretch as I had chang'd condition ;
 I should have made a swinging Politician.
 Or had I been some Canting Babe of Grace,
 As for the Pulpit I've a lovely Face,
 How could I thump the Cushion ! With what Zeal
 Have trimm'd between a Crown and Commonweal ?
 I could have drawn the Sisters in by Shoals ;
 Smugled My Gossips, soak'd the Christning Bowls,
 Caress'd their Bodies, and refresh'd their Souls. }
 In every several Station and Affair
 I had been happy : But by being a Player,
 I'm now oblig'd t' expose your Faults in vain,
 Uncertain my Applause, uncertain too my Gain.
 Sometimes, 'tis true, you laugh, and then I'm fam'd ; }
 But oftner some young Spark, whose Vice is sham'd,
 Cries, Rot the mimick Rogue, would he were damn'd.
 Diseases by ill Appetites are nurs'd,
 The Physick gripes, and the Physician's curs'd.
 And Players, like Bayliffs, are esteem'd by you,
 Rogues for Arresting, tho' the Debt be due.
 Some of this Hot-brain'd Tribe, I'm told to Day,
 Have led a Potent Power against this Play :
 Arm'd with Resolve, in spite of Justice, throng
 To Storm the Muses Fortress right or wrong.
 What Pity 'tis, waving that mean Intent, }
 That so much Wit and Conduct was not bent
 Against our Foes, to farther the Descent.

Such

Such Hands, such Hearts, nay, and such Heads beside,
 'Oons we had Conquer'd France by Whitfontide.
 The Author therefore, thus besieg'd, does sue
 For timely Succour to the Generous few,
 To his old Friends, that always came in Season,
 And never fail'd to laugh when they had Reason,
 I'll promise some Diversion in my way,
 I am to Act a Madman in the Play,
 A Part well tim'd, Sirs, at this time of day,
 All are craz'd now—Beaus, Warriours, Citts, Projectors;
 The World's the Stage, and all Mankind are Actors.

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BOOKS newly Printed for Samuel Briscoe.

THE History of *Polybius the Megalopolitan*, containing a General Account of the Transactions of the World, and principally of the *Roman* People, during the first and second Punick Wars, and with Maps, describing the Places where the most wonderful Engagements and Battels of the Ancient *Romans*, were fought both by Sea and Land: Also an Account of their Policies and Stratagems of War in conquering the greatest Part of the then known World in Fifty three Years: Translated by Sir *H. S.* To which is added, A Character of *Polybius* and his Writings, by Mr *Dryden*: In Two Vol. 8o.

The Lives of the Twelve *Cæsars*, Emperors of *Rome*: Written in *Latin* by *C. Suetonius Tranquillus*: Translated into *English* by several Eminent Hands; with the Life of the Author, and Notes upon those Passages which relate to the *Roman* Customs: Also the Effigies of the *Cæsars* on Copper Plates. 8o.

There is in the Press, and will speedily be Published, A Collection of Letters of Love and Gallantry, &c. All written by Ladies. Vol. I. Price 2 s. 6 d.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THat Famous Powder, called *Arcanum Magnum*, formerly prepared by the Learned *Riverius*, Physician Regent to the *French* King; and approved by most Persons of Quality in *Christendom*, for Preserving and Beautifying the Face, even to old Age: It cures Red Faces; it takes away all Heat, Pimples, Sun-burn and Morpew; it prevents, and takes away Superfluous Hair growing on the Face: In short, it adds more Lustre and Beauty than any Powder or Wash known, as many Persons of Quality can testify, who daily use it with the greatest Approbation. It is Prepared only by *J. H.* Doctor of Physick, in *Knight-riders-street* near *Doctors-Commons Gate*, a Blew Ball being over the Door; where it may be had for 2 s. 6 d. the Paper, with Directions for its Use.

SONG, by way of Dialogue between a *Mad-man* and a *Mad-woman*. In ACT II.

He. **B**Ehold the Man that with Gigantick might
Dares Combat Heaven again;
Storm *Jove's* bright Palace, put the Gods to flight,
Chaos renew, and make perpetual Night.
Come on ye fighting Fools, that petty Jars maintain
I've all the War of *Europe* in my Brain.

She. Who's he that talks of War,
When Charming Beauty comes:
Within whose Face divinely fair,
Eternal Pleasure blooms

When I appear the Martial God,
A Conquer'd Victim lies,
Obeys each Glance, each awful Nod,
And fears the Lightning of my killing Eyes,
More than the fiercest Thunder in the Skies.

He. Now, now, we mount up high,
The Suns bright God and I,
Charge on the Azure downs of ample Sky.
See, see, how the Immortal Cowards run:
Pursue, pursue, drive o'er the Burning Zone;
From thence come rowling down, *Main,*
And search the Globe below with all the gulphy
To find my lost, my wandring Sense again.

Second Movement.

I.

She. By this dis-joynted matter
That crowds thy Pericranion,
I nicely have found, that thy Brain is not found,
And thou shalt be my Companion.

II.

He. Come let us plague the World then,
I embrace the blest occasion;
For by Instinct, I find, thou art one of the kind
That first brought in Damnation.

III.

She. My Face has Heaven Inchant'd,
With all the Sky-born Fellows.
Jove press'd to my Breast, and my Bosom he kiss'd,
Which made old *Juno* jealous.

IV.

He. I challeng'd Grisly *Pluto*,
But the God of Fire did shun me. (*Club,*
Witty Hermes I drub'd, round the Pole with my
For breaking Jokes upon me.

Chorus of both.

Then Mad, very Mad, very Mad, let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all things in Nature are Mad too as we.

V.

She. I found *Apollo* Singing,
The Tune my Rage Increases;
I made him so blind, with a look that was kind,
That he broke his Lyre to pieces.

VI.

He. I drank a Health to *Venus*,
And the Mole on her white Shoulder.
Mars flinch'd at the Glass, and I threw't in his Face
Was ever Heroe bolder?

VII.

She. 'Tis true, my dear *Alcides*,
Things tend to dissolution, (*Gown,*
The Charms of a Crown, and the Crafts of the
Have brought all to Confusion.

VIII.

He. The haughty *French* began it,
The *English* Wits pursue it. (*Work,*
She. The *German* and *Turk* still go on with the
He. And all in time will rue it.

Chorus.

Then Mad, very Mad, &c.

SHIN-

SHINKEN'S *Song to the Harp.* In the Fourth ACT.

OF Noble Race was *Shinken*, *trum tery, tery, tery;*
(trum trum,
 The Line of *Owen Tudor*, *trum, trum, trum;*
 But her Renown was fled and gone,
 Since cruel Love pursu'd hur : *trum, trum, &c.*

I I.

Fair *Wimpy's* Eyes bright shining, *trum, &c.*
 And Lily Breasts alluring, *trum, &c.*
 Poor *Shinken's* heart, with fatal Dart,
 Have Wounded past all Curing : *trum, &c.*

I I I.

Hur was the prettiest Fellows, *trum, trum, &c.*
 At Bandy once and Cricket, *trum, &c.*

At Hunting-Chace, or light-foot Race,
 Gadsplut, how hur could Prick it : *trum, &c.*

I V.

But now all Joys defying, *trum, &c.*
 All pale and wan hur Cheeks too, *trum, &c.*
 Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes
 Hur Herrings and hur Leeks too : *trum, &c.*

V.

No more must dear *Metheglins*, *trum, &c.*
 be top'd at goot *Montgomery*, *trum, &c.*
 And if Loves sore, smart one Week more,
 Adieu Green Sheefe and Flummery : *trum, &c.*

S O N G. In the Last ACT.

ALL *Europe* is now in Confusion,
 Then Friends, let's think it no Crime,
 (Since all things do bode Dissolution)
 To make the best use of short time.

I I.

Tho' Nations do rise against Nations,
 And Peace is frighted from home ;
 The Planets remove from their stations,
 And seem to portend our sad doom.

I I I.

Strange Earth-quakes make War against Nature,
 And Ruin circles us round ;
 There is something more in the matter
 Than e'er yet Philosophy found.

I V.

Sound Reason no longer convinces,
 So Potent Discord is grown ;

For some of the Brave fight for Princes,
 And Crop-ear'd Prigs fight for none.

V.

The Church, that should teach us true Morals,
 And prove Devotion great gain,
 Foment in the Pulpit odd Quarrels,
 And then leave 'em us to maintain.

V I.

Then fill up the Glas a Health Royal,
 No Stars nor Omens we'll fear ;
 Success to the Fair and the Loyal,
 Tho' Dooms-day be never so near.

V I I.

We'll Love and we'll Drink away Sorrow,
 This hour we'll Destiny sway ;
 Let no Man take care for to Morrow,
 We are sure we are Happy to Day.

THE

T H E

Richmond Heirefs, &c.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. Richmond-Hill.

Enter Cunnington disguis'd, meeting Quickwit dress'd fantastically in gay Clothes.

Cunning. **B** Less my Eyes from an Apparition ! What art thou ? Thou canst not be *Tom Quickwit* !

Quick. As sure as thou art *Ned Cunnington* the Ungodly, my Brother in Iniquity, and Fellow-Collegian.

Cunning. Thou seem'st my Brother-Collegian indeed by thy Voice and Grimace ; but then agen thou may'st be Brother to some Prince by thy Habit. Prithee let me look on thee and wonder !

Quick. Do, do, *Ned*, wonder on, whilst I slouch my Hat, and practice the Air of a Country-Booby of Quality to improve thy Admiration.

Cunning. Harkee ; prithee let me ask thee a civil Question : Hast not made some *Nokes* of Quality here about *Richmond* drunk, and stole his Clothes, hah ?

Quick. No, ye Rogue ; tho' I am your Brother in Wit, I am no kin to ye in Mischief. I love to give occasion for Men's Wonders ; and there's a Mystery in this Habit, *Ned*, surpasses all your Cunning to find out. But come, to examine now in my turn : Prithee, what Project hast thou now a-foot here at *Richmond* ? For by this comical Disguise, there must be something more than ordinary. What stanch Fool hast thou to Cully out of his Money ? Or, what half-Fool out of Meat, Drink, and Lodging, hah ?

Cunning. Why to tell thee the Truth, I am intrigu'd here with a Son of a Whore, who is also the Son of a Knight, and have (thus equipp'd as I am) been with him to Night upon a Frolick.

Quick. Intrigu'd was an admirable Word there ; for thy Bubbles are all us'd like common Whores ; when thou hast had thy Pleasure of 'em, they

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are left to their Fortune. Well, and this Compound makes up one substantial Fool ; hah ?

Cunning. Yea, verily ; Fools, half Fools, and such-like, are *Cunnington's* Real Estate ; and sometimes I've the luck to have a Wit to provide my Personal. I am a true *Terræ Filius*, and flourish by the Abuse of Mankind, wanting seldom or never Matter to work upon : But if some malignant Planet should reign, whenever you hear that I am out of Fool, you may reasonably conclude too that I am out at Elbows.

Quick. A little Hardship is a good Whetstone to make Wit sharp ; and we poor Fellows, *Ned*, that live by 'em, like Black-birds, thrive best in hard Weather : For not being born to Estates for our selves, Fortune has dispos'd 'em to others with weaker Brains for us to manage. Now I improve my Talent by Love, Compliance, Insinuation, &c. I love every body, and every body loves me : I oblige all People ; I mimick this or that Sot in Company, to humour perhaps one that's a worse himself. I flatter and sing to the Women, to get their Tongues on my side too : And now and then when I am desir'd by some rich Booby that's worth the managing, I can turn my Face into a Changling Grimace, and act like *Solon* in the Play : when, as I hope to be fav'd, I'm all the while bant'ring him, and thinking him the more comical *Solon* of the two, as a Man may say.

Cunning. Why this is an artful Method, I confess ; but, for my part, if I should practice it, I should starve : For to tell thee the truth, I love no body ; nay, what's worse, can hardly counterfeit common Courtesie to the World. The reason is, I hate all People that I think happier than my self : If that Man has a fine Coach, I wish his Horses may founder ; if this has a pretty Wife, I wish him a plaguy fit of the Stone, and my self a bed with her : If a third has a rich Cargo in a Ship, or a fourth a delicate House, I wish one may be sunk to the bottom, and t'other burnt to the ground.

Quick. Ha, ha, ha ; an incomparable Humour 'faith.

Enter Marmalet, and whispers Quickwit, and Exit.

Well, *Ned*, I see thou art now about some new Project, and 'twould do thee an injury to keep thee longer from thy Vocation, therefore I'll leave thee.

Cunning. Ah, Brother, I smell your drift ; my Grannum there must be Harbinger to some notable Intrigue. Come 'faith, impart, I'll assist thee ; I'm good at it thou know'st.

Quick. Ay, but this is a secret only proper for my Sphere of Activity ; besides, I have had this Advice formerly, Keep *Cunnington* from thy Secret and thy Mistress, or he'll certainly endeavour to betray the one, and debauch the other ; and so no more wheedling, good Brother. Ha, ha, farewell, farewell. [Exit.]

Cunning. This Rogue has some profitable Design on foot, that's most certain ; and now I think on't, it may be as profitable to me to over-reach him in it. 'Gad, I'm a strange odd sort of a Fellow ; I do not only envy a

a Man that's richer than I am, but that's wittier too; and would by my Good-will engross all the Money in the World, and all the Sense too. Now is my Head as full of mischievous Contrivance, as a young Thief that is just going to do his Probation Exploit; and from my Brain I have present information, That the Old Woman that was here just now, is wove in *Quickwit's* Design: I'll after, and dog her; these old Runts are as leaky as Sieves: And if I can, by speaking *French* giberish pretending to be a *German* Astrologer, get to tell her her Fortune, all the rest of her Secrets shall quickly be laid open. Humph, this may turn to good advantage of my side too, and be more valu'd, as flowing from the Fountain of my own Wit: I hate the poor Satisfaction of being oblig'd to Fortune for a Benefit.

That still appears to me the sweetest Gain,

That Springs from the rich Soil of my own Brain.

[Exit.

Enter Frederick with Quickwit.

Fred. My Noble Lord *de la Fool*, your Lordship's most Obedient— Ha, ha, ha! Why 'faith, *Tom*, I think we have equipp'd thee with as decent a Garb as any Whimsical Peer of 'em all need to wear. Prithee cock thy Hat, and strut a little more.

Quick. Oh, Pox, I can do that well enough: But how to act the Mad-man right, and bubble the Doctor, there will be the difficulty.

Fred. Oh, prithee, affront not thy own Abilities: Thou wert a rare Mimicker at the University, I remember, and I'm sure canst not lose thy Talent so soon: Besides, this is a Doctor for the purpose; Positive, Ignorant, and easie to be impos'd on; one that having a long Worm in his own Pate, solidly believes he can cure it in other Men's. He was first Apothecary of a Physick-Garden; but, hapning to cure the Son of a great Statesman that had crack'd his Brains with studying to out-do his Father, in out-witting the *French* Councils, got himself into Money and Reputation, and is now, forsooth, President of the Infanery.

Quick. And are you sure the young Lady will help me out at a pinch, and that she only counterfeits her self mad for your sake?

Fred. Most certainly. I have told thee nothing but Truth, upon my Honour. Oh, she's the Soul, the Miracle of her Sex:

Young, yet discreet, without Ill-nature witty,

Rich without Pride, and without Art is pretty.

Besides, I have often, as a Lesson, told thee, That Sir *Charles*, her Father-in-Law and Guardian, being always an inveterate Enemy to our Family; and designing her for his own Son, has forc'd me to this Artifice of thy Assistance, and that sweet Angel to frustrate all other Pretensions, to act a witty Scene of Lunacy.

Quick. Your Brother Sir *Quibble Quere*, you tell me, is to be bubbled too; so that I find I'm to divide my Brains into three several Projects: First, to disappoint the Guardian: Secondly, to banter the Doctor: And, thirdly, to make a meer Ass of your Brother, to pay a friendly Tribute to your Wit. As I take it, Sir, this is my Charge.

Fred. Thou hast hit it, dear *Tom*, 'tis so. He's but my half-Brother

thou know'st, and can claim but little Obligation upon the score of Affinity. Besides, he's a Block-head, and I have only hedg'd him into this Business to stand buff with his Purse upon occasion, and pay the Expence of it. My Mother did me manifest wrong by crossing the strain. Her last Husband, old Sir *Quibble Quere*, was, for above thirty Years together, an old Court-Follower; but of so harmless a Character, that tho' he never better'd himself, he hindred no one else, being always like a Turn-stile, standing in every body's way, and hindering no body. He was also called here, *The Teizer of Richmond*, and would ask you more foolish Questions in a quarter of an Hour, than a hundred wise Men could answer in a Year: And this Brother of mine is his own, by this Light. See, yonder he comes. I have told him I've employ'd thee, and prepar'd him aptly for the Business—— Now if thou can'st but answer silly Questions briskly, thou win'st him for ever.

Enter Sir Quibble.

Sir Quib. Brother, good Morrow t'ee.

Fred. Oh, Brother, your humble Servant, y'are well met, we have been contriving here for ye; this is the honest Gentleman I told ye of.

Sir Quib. Is this Mr. *Quickwit*, Brother, that I saw when I was at *London*, he that mimick'd the Madman so comically.

Fred. This is that very ingenious Person, Brother.

[*Salute here.*]

Sir Quib. Oh dear! Well, I'll say't, he did it purely. Sir, your humble Servant.

Quick. Sir, I am yours extreamly.

Sir Quib. Ha, ha, ha, you have dress'd him to a T, I see, Brother.

Fred. As the Noble Family of the *De-la-Fools* ought, Brother.

Sir Quib. Ha, ha, ha: And pray, Sir, when did you come to Town? Who was your Bedfellow last Night? Which is your Inn? And what have you for Dinner to Day, Sir?

Fred. Four as pretty pertinent Questions as a Man could wish to answer.

Quick. Why, Sir, I came to Town yesterday, half an Hour, half a Quarter, and seven Seconds past Five in the Afternoon: I lodge at *Boddycotts*, at the Red Lyon: I have a good Rump of Beef and Carrots for my Dinner: I lay with one *Nick Fiersface*, an honest Attorney of *Staple-Inn*, and had like to have lain with a pretty Black-ey'd Cook-maid, belonging to the House: And there's an Answer overplus for once to oblige ye, Sir.

Sir Quib. Why merry be thy Heart, thou'rt a pure Fellow, I'll sayt. And prithee who hast left behind thee in *London* now?

Fred. There's another very pretty Question.

Quick. Why faith, about three or four Millions I believe, Sir; I could not well spare time enough to take all their Particulars.

Sir Quib. And prithee how does the Play-House? How does Mr. *Betterton*, and my old Friend, Mr. *Nokes*? Prithee when did he play Sir *Martin* last, hah? Does Mr. *Sandford* A& the Villain still, prithee? And jolly *Carve Un lerbill* in *Epsom Wells*? How does my Comical Justice do, hah?

Quick. Hold, hold, Sir, you're to fast upon me; be pleased to couple your

your Questions, and I'm at your Service ; but for so many of 'em together, 'Gad I ha'n't half Memory enough, Sir.

Fred. Ds'life, thou flagg'st already ; hold out briskly, Man. [*Aside.*

Quick. Damm him, I begin to be in a Sweat. [*Aside to Fred.*

Sir Quib. And how does Mrs. Barry Act now, hah?

Quick. Oh to a Miracle Sir——There he was pretty reasonable. [*Aside.*

Sir Quib. She plays the Queen in the *Spanish Fryar* better than any Woman in *England* : I'll say't, I had rather see her wag after the Fiddlers in the Procession there, than see another Coronation ad'sdiggers. And Mr. *Powel*, what's he doing prithee, hah?

Quick. Hah ; the Devil hah ye——'Sdeath, here will be no end of this doing : Why how the Devil should I know, unless I cou'd conjure.

Sir Quib. I mean, what new Part is he studying ? Ad'snigs, that *Powel's* a very pretty Fellow. Where lies the Scene I wonder ? what's the Humour on't ? and how does he contrive ?

Quick. Hey day, Where ? What ? and How ? nay faith, Sir, if you don't stand to your Article of coupling your Questions, I can be no longer your Interpreter ; and so your Servant. Oh—— [*Fans himself.*

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha, there's one *Bowen* too, a notable Joker, hah ?

Sir Quib. Prithee excuse me now, 'tis so long since I was in Town, that I even long to hear of all the new things.

Quick. Not all at a time, I beseech ye, Sir ; the rest will be a new Diversion for you to morrow.

Sir Quib. No, faith, I must have 'em now. And Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, prithee where is she now ?

Fred. Ay, ay, Mrs. *Bracegirdle* : Come, *Tom*, your Answer quickly.

Quick. So, he has set me a conjuring agen.

Sir Quib. Well, I'll say't the Acts *Statira* curiously.
From every Pore of him a Perfume falls. [*Speaks this affectedly.*

He kisses softer than a Southern Wind :

Curles like a Vine ; and touches like a God.

When I was last at the Play, and she was saying of this, my Mouth, I'll say't, went to-and-agen, to-and-agen, as fast as hers, and repeated it after her so loud, that all the People in the Pit thought I was bewitch'd.

Quick. Ay, and the Devil take me if I don't think thee bewitch'd now.

Sir Quib. Then there's Mr. *Dogget*, that Acted *Solon* so purely, O Lord, what's become of him, prithee ?

And then, I'll say't, there's Mr. *Bowman*, and Mr. *Bright*, and Mr. *Hudson*, and Mr. *Hains* ; and tho' last, not least in Love, the only remaining Branch of the old Stock, honest Mr. *Kinaston*.

So Men in Thunder quit the open Air,

Because the angry Gods are then abroad.

Oh, he has a rare way with him, I'll say't, and a number besides these, that I have forgot ; Prithee, How, and Which, and What, and Where, and Why, and When,——

Quick. Whiew ! Nay then your Servant i' faith.

Fred.

Fred. Sdeath, come away immediately, here's Sir *Charles* and the Doctor coming down the Hill; away *Tom*, I have some more Instructions to give you yet.

Quick. Ay, with all my Heart, I shall be blunderbuss'd with Wheres, and Whats, and Whenselfe——A Plague of his Epileptick Visage, he's gaping for another Quere I see. [Exit *Fred.* and *Quick.*

Sir *Quib.* Pox take him, I had above Twenty Questions more ready, but especially about *Hains*, and his Fortune-telling; gad I will know something about that I'm resolv'd, for that's a Material Point. [Exit.

Enter Sir *Charles*, *Guicuin*, and *Christopher*.

Sir *Char.* Therefore, as I was saying, Doctor, look well to your Patient, she is not only my Daughter-in-Law and Ward, but the Darling Jewel of my Life, the Treasury of my Son's Hopes too, an Heiress worth Fifty thousand Pounds, who, had not this delirious Accident hapned, should have been this Hour happy in his Embraces by Marriage.

Guicac. Fear not, Sir, my Care and Medicines will work the desired Effect.

Sir *Char.* Madnes, Doctor, is but a more extravagant sort of Wit, caused by the excessive Heat in the Brain: I studied the very Point many Years ago, in the Colledge at *Barcelona*; 'tis but the Skill of cooling the Part, and the Patient presently recovers.

Guicac. Ay, but, Sir, this is a new Case, and I must do it specifically; for she is very obstinate, and will take no Medicines; nor do I resolve to make her Blood ferment, by putting her into a Rage about it, she has Fire enough already; for about the Age of Eighteen the Heat predominates extreamly in her Sex; and then, if ever they are infected, they become strongly delirious.

Sir *Char.* Your Reason, Doctor?

Guicac. Why, Sir, at that Age the warm Quality of their Blood, fermented by the force and vigour of the Animal Spirits, naturally make 'em half mad: To remedy which there are but Two ways, which are either to get them Husbands just in the Nick, or for want of such Provision to send 'em to me.

Sir *Char.* Why, God-a-mercy Doctor, this old Fellow is too Lepid to be a Whoremaster sure: If this hoary Elder should be a Rogue now, and make use of a natural Recipe to cure my Daughters Madnes, my Son and I were finely serv'd.

Guicac. Farewel, Sir; I'll make as quick a Cure of your Daughter as I can, because I very suddenly expect a Noble Lord under my Custody. Adieu.

Sir *Char.* This jealous Humour of mine is a great Fault: Here's a poor old Fellow, that is so much a Cripple, he can scarce drag his Legs after him, and yet I must suspect him for a Whoremaster. Well, I must go after and humour him, least when he has cur'd my Daughter, he should, in revenge, Introduce new Suitors to her, and so baffle my Son's Designs; who, I think, I see coming down the Hill yonder,—Ay, 'tis he, and two more with him; they seem in hot Dispute; I'll stay a little while longer to observe.

[Stands aside.

Enter

Enter Tom Romance, Hotspur, Rice ap Shinken, and Boy.

T. Rom. But prithee, a Pox on thee *Will*, what a Devil ails thee that thou art so averse to my way of intriguing, when I tell thee, Women, dear Women, are the only Comforts of my Life, I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep well without 'em? And my *Welch* Cousin *Rice ap Shinken* here is of my own Humour to a Hair; he chuckles at a White Petticoat like a Turkeycock at a Red one; he's the very Devil at a Wench; *Cat after kind*, as the Proverb has it, the *Britains* were all Whoremasters from the beginning.

Rice. The *Shinkins* was peare as crete Lovers to the pretty *Omans*, that is fery true; the plack Eyes, with the plack Eyebrows, was goot; and when her sees the Red Lip, the White Skin, and the soft Pubby, then *Shinkin's* Heart was peat, peat, peat, like a Drum, by *Cadwallader*.

Hotsp. Peat, peat, peat! What a Plague can any one above the Degree of a Kitchen, love a Fellow that makes Fritters of *English*, as *Falstaffe* says? A *Welsh* Beau, with a Head as barren as the Mountains in his own Country. Ha, ha, ha, I'll ne'er believe it; I'm resolv'd to abuse these Puppeys for dear *Frederick's* sake, whom I know they hate. [*Aside.*]

Rice. The Muntains in her Country was fery goot Muntains, and breed fery goot Sheep and Coats, look you, and if *Williams* is *Cholericks*, that is not much, her will laugh and be merry, look you, if *Williams* is *Cholerick*, he, he, he ha.

T. Rom. Ay, ay, *Will*, you must not think to beat us out of conceit with our selves with drolling: 'Gad I know a Lord's Wife near *St. James's* that's ready to die for me; she says, of all charming things in the Universe she admires my Nose.

Hotsp. Ridiculous! I'll neer believe such a Satyr upon the Sex: Why there's not a Negro in Town but can fit her with a better.

Sir Char. Oh, I know him now, this is *Hotspur*, one of *Frederick's* Friends, and the Enemy of our Family. [*Aside.*]

Rice. There is likewise, look you, *Williams*, the young, sweet, charming, pretty Daughter to a crete Shudge yonder, that is in love with *Shinkin* for his Leg, look you; here is the Symetry, here is the Shape, here is the Calf, look you, and here is the Small, fery goot.

Hotsp. Leg! 'Oons, I have seen a handsomer upon a Gate for High Treason, after it has stuck parching in the Sun above a Twelvemonth.

Sir Char. Why does not that *Welch* Runt give him three or four Kicks now with that Leg the Lady is so in Love with? Sure this will come to something anon; now I shall see what Mettle the Boy has. [*Aside.*]

Rice. Now *Williams* is *Cholericks* agen, ha, ha, ha, ha. Harkee, do you know me, *Williams*?

Hotsp. Know thee? oh yes, thou art his Ape, both things so contemptible with the Women, that——

Rice. Look you, *Williams*, if Apes be Signals of Affronts and Disparagements, splut her shall not find *Shinkin* so tame.

T. Rom. Phoo, prithee don't mind what he says, Cousin *Rice*: Come here's that shall undeceive him presently— Look *Will*, to prove to thee what

what a Favourite I am with that dear, dear Sex, I will shew thee some Favours from 'em; for, to say Truth, I never took any true Pleasure in an Intrigue with a Woman, if I had not the Satisfaction of Exposing her to my Friend.

Hotf. Well said, trusty Knight, the Woman has blest her self with a true Friend of thee in the mean time.

T. Rom. Why, I enjoy n' 'em to secresie, Man, so that she's secure enough in Conscience, as I will thee now; therefore be sure you don't tell any Body: D'ye hear?

Hotf. 'Faith, but I will, Sir, if you tell me any thing.

Sir Char. S'death, not draw yet! What a Plague do's he mean? [*Aside.*

T. Rom. Pshaw, pshaw, that's all one, I'll trust thee for all that, Faith; why, I've a thousand things to divert thee with, Man; and, 'Gad take me, have the greatest Pleasure in the World in telling 'em: First then here's a Billet Deux, from my Lord *Awekings's* Daughter, a great Man at Court, and a swinging Politician, who, having more Business in his Head than to mind his Daughters, gave me opportunity at the Musick-meeting at *London*, to make an Intrigue; and the Creature is now grown so fond, that my Father was fain to design a Wife for me, here at *Richmond*, to divert me. Thou shalt hear what she writes: *Sweet, sweet, sweet Tomme, canst thou find in thy Heart to be so long away from thy dear, deare, deare Betty? Ah, sweet Creature! — 'Gad, I believe I shall wear the Paper to a Cobweb with kissing it.* [*Reads the Letter.*

Hotf. S'death, can there be so simple a Creature in Nature?

T. Rom. Prithee mind me. *I swear I never go to Bed but I dream of thee, nor ever rise without crying: My dear, sweet, heavenly Tomme is always in my Thoughts: And if his poor Betty were half so much in his, I'm sure he would come this Night through the Boards of the little House in the Garden to see her, as he us'd to do.* That was our way of meeting, you must know; and, 'Gad, I have been plaguely incommoded sometimes to get cleanly to her. But didst ever hear any thing so Soft and Tender? hah!

Hotf. Never any thing so Silly before, the Devil take me.

Sir Char. Agen an Affront! Now where's the first Pass, now Tom? [*Aside.*

Rice. There is crete deale of Doubts, and Jealousies, and Pribbles, and Prabbles, which shew Loves and Affections, look you.

T. Rom. Then, in the second place, here is a Garter of *Sir Thomas Wital's* Lady's, here at *Cue*, taken from above her Knee with my own Hand I'll swear; a Locket, from pretty *Peggy*, Daughter to one *Quicksilver* a Goldsmith, at the *Cawdle Cup* in *Lombard-street*; a Picture, from dear *Fenny Flippant*, a rich Widows Niece in the old *Pall-Mall*; a *Roman Glove*, from sweet Lady *Susanna Simple*, in *St. James's-Square*. And more, to shew ye that I deal with all degrees of Females, come hither, Sirrah, there's a piece of delicate Point, from *Moll* a Sempstres in the *New-Exchange*, to make me a Crevat; and a Head of curious bright Hair, from my Lady *Freckles* Chamber-Maid, to make me a Peruke.

Sir Char. This is so like these young Rogues, to brag of their Mistresses Favours.

Hotf.

Hotf. Red and rank as a Fox by *Jove* : Pox on thee, Bright, dost call it ?

Rice. And, to shew ye that the *Prittains* are admir'd too, look you here was delicate creen Leeks, sent by young Widows of her Cousin *Tomas* ap *Evan*, ap *Rice*, ap *Shones*, ap *Davy*, ap *Shinken*, as a Token of her Love, and to wear in her Cap upon St. *Davy's* Day. *[Pulls out a great Leek.*

Hotf. Death, ye brace of Buffoons, what d'ye teize me with all this Stuff for ?

Sir Char. How, Buffoon, 'Sdeath, and near a hole in his Guts yet ? Oh, cowardly Villain !

T. Rom. Stay, stay, I have two things more in my Fob here better than all ; first here's a Bracelet of witty *Sophronia's* ; and, above all, a Seal, with a wounded Heart engrav'd upon Coral, of my deare, deare *Fulvia's*.

Hotf. Nay, then I'll no longer have Patience, therefore draw, for ye Lye.

Sir Char. The Lye ; so, 'Gad I'll whip him through the Midriff my self, if he takes that.

Hotf. For, first, *Sophronia* is a Woman of too much Sence to give a Bracelet to such an Insect : And, secondly, *Fulvia* is my Friends Mistress, and has no Heart but for him. Come on, Pox, come both of ye.

Rice. Stand to her, Cousin ; s'plut, her will shew her a *Welsh* Thrust.

[T. Rom. loyters back.

T. Rom. The Truth is, that last was a Lye ; but since the *Welsh*-man's Blood's up, I'm resolv'd to vindicate it : Come, Sir.

Sir Char. Hold, hold *Tom*, and Cousin come you back ; tho, his Infelence deserves Chastisement, he shall not have it to the dishonour of our Family ; I'll take it upon my self : Come on Sir, you that were so hot.

[Offers to Fight.

Hotf. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart.

Rice. Pray Unkle let hur go, hur has kill'd no Rascals since hur came from *Wales*.

T. Rom. Prithee, old Gentleman, get you out o'th way, I'm in the humour of killing him.

Sir Char. Son *Tom*, it must not be : What's your Name, Sir ? you are like to scape this time.

Hotf. Why then a Pox on ye all, my Name's *Hotspur*, and you may see me at the Wells every Morning ; and more, to provoke ye to take Satisfaction, know that I am Friend to *Frederick*, and will espouse his Interest in the Heirefs to the last ; and so adieu. *[Exit.*

Sir Char. Ay, 'tis so, 'tis this rich Heirefs is the cause of all these Brawls ; but come Son, since thou hast me of thy side, be confident, Policy as well as the Sword shall secure her to thee : For above all the World's great Benefits, a Wife is best in her good Circumstances.

*To follow Wars abroad may Honour bring,
'Tis brave Preferment there, to serve the King.*

T. Rom. But a rich Heirefs here's, a Heavenly thing.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, Hotspur, Quickwit, and Numps.

[*Sophronia discover'd at a distance, reading.*]

Fred. A true Friend is the most solid Good a Man can possess in this World: And tho', dear *Will*, I ought extreamly to thank thee for abusing those two Fools for my sake, yet I could wish Sir *Charles* had been absent, least this new occasion of distaste may cause him to be more vigilant, and so hinder our Plot upon the Heiress.

Hotsp. Faith, dear *Fred*, I beg thy Pardon with all my Heart if I did amiss; but the Devil take me if I could contain my self after hearing such a Preposterous deal of Impudence and Folly: I could have beaten them with a better Will than a Turk would a Christian Slave that he found had an Intrigue with his VVife or Daughter.

Quick. Well, well, let's to the Proof, I long, methinks, to be acting my Madman: And as for *Numps* here, he'll do his part to a Miracle, I have taught him his Lesson perfectly.

Fred. What, my Lord *de la Fool's* old Serving-man, he has hit the Family Beard to a Hair I see, and 'tis impossible he should miscarry; for I am privately inform'd the Doctor knows neither of them by sight, and has only heard of a Son of the Countesses that was mad, and suddenly to be brought to him as a Patient.

Quick. The Letter I have given him there expresses all that. But be sure to remember your Canting West-Country Tone, *Numps*, and your by-word, 'Odfwokers.

Numps. Well, well, Why thou canst not think, mun, che can forget as zoon as chav learn'd it: Why zure chant a bin a Schollard zo long but that che can con my Lesson, 'Odfwokers: What, does the Mon take me for a Vool? Umph.

Fred. Admirably well, *Numps*, and there's a Guinea to encourage thee.

Hotsp. The Rogue mouths it as if he had been bred at *Taunton-Dean* indeed.

Fred. Well then, away both to your Tasks: Oh, I long to have the Event answer the Expectation; get her but off, *Tom*, and the promis'd Five hundred Pounds shall be as ready as the joyful Minute.

Quick. I us'd to be successful in these Matters: But if I should return now, like a maim'd Tarpawling from a Sea-Fight, with a Leg or an Arm lost in your Service, you can't do less than procure me a Place in the Hospital.

Fred. Ah, never fear, there's no such danger.

Hotsp. No, no, the worst on't can be but a dozen or two of Kicks, a Cudgel, a Rib or two broke, or so, that's all.

Quick.

Quick. Ay, ay, that's a small Matter, you know. Well, what ere comes on't, I'm resolv'd to venture ; and so Fortune for us: Come along
Numps. [Exit.]

Fred. Ha, ha, ha : Now shall I be as impatient till I have an Account of this Rogue's Proceedings, as a young Heir that hears his niggardly Father is sick, is, till he hears he's dead.

Hotsp. If my Eyes dazzle not, yonder's a Subject very proper to improve your Patience, a Lady, *Fred.* a reading.

Fred. *Sophronia*, as I live ; ay, *Will*, this is a Lady indeed, the Wonder of her time : Dost know her ?

Hotsp. Not to Intimacy, and yet enough to hear of your Worship's former Intrigue with her. What a strange Fellow wert thou to desert so fine a Lady ? I've heard there was a Contract between ye.

Fred. Some slight Papers, I think, which I know her Pride is too great ever to expose, or call me to an account for. Besides, what's a Promise, when put in Competition with Fifty thousand Pounds, *Will* ? No, no, she was too wise for me, her Wit was always too Satyrical ; a Quality I could never suffer in a Woman : She'd conjure me with Morals out of *Seneca* ; and run me down an hour or two together in Argument on the Towns Common Vices ; nay, and what I hated worse than all the rest, tho' all her Friends knew well enough she lov'd me, her Pride, that was too great to let her own it, would make her always use me ill before 'em.

Hotsp. They call her here in *Richmond*, *The Female Plain Dealer*.

Fred. They do so, and justly too, for she takes as much Pride in speaking blunt Truths, as the rest of her Sex do in studying quaint Lyes. But see, the Walk begins to fill, here's more of the Tribe coming.

Enter Squeamish, and Mrs. Stockjobb with a Lampoon.

And if I am not mistaken, *Will*, there's one of your Acquaintance, if you ha'n't forgot your little *French Pinnace* you us'd to brag of so, *Mrs. Stockjobb*.

Hotsp. Forget her ! 'D'sdeath, I should as soon forget my Sex ; why she's my All, Man, my Estate Real and Personal : She came hither first as a Protestant Refugee, and full of seeming Sanctity, but betwixt thee and I, *Fred*, a very Cheat : She's *Dick Stockjobb's* Wife, 'tis true, but a Meet-help to me alone, *Fred*.

Fred. I have heard of that City-Fool, they say he got all his Estate by drawing in worse Fools than himself to lay Wagers, this Siege, or that Battle, this Fight at Sea, or that on Shore ; and for the late City Crimp of *Stockjobbing*, a very Dragon, tho' in other Matters poor, sneaking, and uxorious ; and the *French* Woman, I hear, manages him rarely. But, prithee, who is t'other, by her fantastical Behaviour that must be some extraordinary Creature too ?

Hotsp. Oh, she's a Rarity of another kind, one Madam *Squeamish*, she's a Native of *Richmond* here, very fantastick and impertinent, as thou sayst; for which she has every Summer a new Lampoon made of her, that does so teize her, that she grows lean upon't, and can't forbear expressing her Resentments in all Companies.

Fred. Well, Sir, I'll leave you to their Management, and the rather, because I see yonder Philosophical Lady is turning this way, and I am not at present armed for a Rencounter. Farewell; we'll meet at Night at the *Red Lyon*. [Exit Frederick.]

Hotsp. What Paper's that they are so busie upon? I'll stand aside and listen.

Squeam. Was there ever so barbarous a Disappointment, Cousin! Expecting a Letter this Morning from the dear, dear Man I admire beyond all earthly Joy, my Maid brings me this, with the fold and visage of a Billet *deux*; but, oh horrid! I had no sooner open'd it, and prepar'd to feast my longing Eyes with what they expected, but, fogh! what does it prove to be, but an odious Lampoon, and the most nauseous filthy thing that ever was heard, as I'm a Virgin!

Mrs. Stock. Dis is now de Barbarity of your Nation: In *France* we have no Scandal, no Affront, noting *mal à propos*: You may sing, you may dance, you may keep de *bon* Companee, vid dis great Lord, or toder Gentleman; and yet dere is no dam Lampoon. *Diable!* if de Autor had dare abuse me so, by dis Hand I vould find him out, and murder him.

Squeam. Why then you must find him out, and murder him, Cousin; for hear you are for your Comfort, and swingingly.

Mrs. Stock. By my Fatede Fellow dat did say dis, is de very dam Rascal in de whole Varle; I vill poison him, I vill hang, I vill have his Trote cut, by dis Hand.

Squeam. But prithee, Cousin, who is this *Hotspur* that they slander you with?

Hotsp. 'D'sdeath, I can forbear no longer! Why, Madam, this *Hotspur* is forth-coming, if your Ladiship has any use for him. By your leave, good Madam: 'Pray let me inspect this Paper a little. [Rushes out, and snatches the Paper.] Damme, if any Rascal has abus'd us, I'll maul him.

Mrs. Stock. He here; vat fall medo now! Us! vat you mean, Sir? I know you not; you are de Stranger to me.

Squeam. Oh fie, Cousin; pray don't let my Company cause a breach of Acquaintance. Come, you must own him a little.

Hotsp. Pox! prithee don't stand upon Punctilio's now, Fubbs, but help me to find out this damn'd Poet. I'll teach him to Lampoon me: I'll slaughter him, by Heaven.

Squeam. Why really, Sir, 'tis a horrid brutal Trick these Fellows have got: A Woman can't enjoy her Youth in a degree a little above the Vulgar, but, oh horrid! she's presently popp'd into a Lampoon. I did but innocently regale my self t'other day, amongst other choice Female Friends, at my Lady *Goodfellow's*, with a Glas or two of Hockamore, and if the

the beastly Poet, in his next Paper, did not say I was drunk there, I'm no Christian! O filthy!

Here Sophronia comes between 'em.

Soph. Your Servant, Mrs. *Squeamish*; nay, I have heard all, and as a Friend to Justice and Morality, altho' unask'd, must give you my Opinion too.

Squeam. She hear! oh horrid! nay, then we shall be teiz'd to death. She has more Tongue than twenty Lawyers, and rails with more Malice than a *Terræ Filius* at Oxford, that has been just expell'd the University.

Mrs. Stock. Dis is ver Deevil of a Woman; I must wheedle her, dere is no oder way. Your most humble and obedient Slave, dear Madam.

Sophr. Oh no Ceremony, good Mrs. *Stockjobb*: But, Mrs. *Squeamish*, pri-thee why art thou so mortally offended at this Lampoon? Methinks the Poet speaks very honestly.

Squeam. Honestly, Madam! What, to say I was drunk? Oh filthy!

Sophr. Drunk indeed was a little too uncourtly: Mellow had been a good Word there; for to my knowledge there were six Quarts drunk in two hours time between four of ye, besides my Lady's farewell-Bottel of *Aqua-mirabilis*. Her fat Ladiship I hear set a great while before the Sun; and for the rest of ye, your Tongues were all as glib as a Consort of Midwives at a City-Christ'ning.

Mrs. Stock. Vell, dis I must say of de *French*, Dey are de most temperate People in de whole Varld; *l'Homme du Cour* delights in noting but de cool Mead, de Tizzan, or de Sherbet vid Ice.

Sophr. Yes, the comfortable Usquebagn, the refreshing Spirit of Clary, or sometime the cool Brandy and Burrage, good Mrs. *Stockjobb*.

Mrs. Stock. Oh fie, fie, fie, Madam; de Brandy is de Regale for de *Dutch*, not de *French*: Here is de strange difference, De Brandy vill make de *French-man* as dull as de Dog, and de *Dutch-man* to fight like de Deevil: Beside, our Native are given to make Love mush, vich is great Enemy to Drink. De *English-man* vill come drunk to his Metres, break her Vindow, tear her Commode, and kick her Lap-Dog, vhen de *French-man* dare no tounsh one Hair of his Tail, but look like de Fool, and sigh. Dere is de difference agen, all is Cringe, all Obeisance; dere is no Huff, no *mal Visage*, no Pesantry in *France*, *ma Foy*.

Squeam. But will you vindicate a Lampoon, Madam? oh horrid!

Mrs. Stock. A filthy Libel dat fall sawzily affront le *Femme du Qualité*, and have de impudence to expose—

Sophr. To expose the good Man your Husband's Cuckoldom, and your close Intrigue with this *Hotspur* that is mention'd there; that indeed is very sawcy, Mrs. *Stockjobb*.

Hotsp. So there's a Bob for me again. Nay, nay, good Madam, turn the Tide of your satyirical Vein another way, I don't like this kind of Railery.

Sophr.

Sopbr. Oh, cry ye mercy, Sir, you need not tell me your Sentiments; I know an honest Reflection must needs be Rhubarb to a Man of your Kidney and Character.

Hotsp. My Character! why what's my Character, Madam?

Sopbr. Why troth, Sir, no very good one; and since you'll have it told, 'tis — let me see, A lewd, vain, noisie, impertinent, drunken, roaring, debauch'd Character.

Hotsp. So, so, she has fitted me for asking Questions.

Sopbr. Come, Sir, for once I'll be a little satyrical, and venture to describe the course of life of all you Men of the Town: In the Morning the first thing you do is, to reflect on the debauch of the Day before; and instead of saying your Prayers as you ought, relate the lewd Folly to some other young rakehell Fellow, that happens to come to your Leve: The next thing is to dine, where instead of using some witty or moral Discourse that should tend to improvement, you finish your Desert with a Jargon of fenceless Oaths, a relish of ridiculous Bawdy, and strive to get drunk before ye come to the Play.

Hotsp. The Devil's in her; she has nick'd us to a Hair.

Sopbr. Then at the Play-House ye ogle the Boxes, and dop and bow to those you do not know, as well as those you do. Lord! what a world of sheer Wit too is wasted upon the Vizard-Masks! who return it likewise back in as wonderful a manner. You nuzzle your Noses into their Hoods and Commodities, just for all the world like the Picture of *Mahomet's* Pigeon, when he gave the false Prophet his ghostly Instructions. Fogh! how many fine things are said there, perfum'd with the Air of four Claret! which the well-bred Nymph as odoriferously returns in the scent of *Lambeth-Ale* and *Aqua-vite*.

Hotsp. 'D's heart, what shall I do! I shall ne'er have patience to hear this.

Sopbr. Then at Night ye graze with the hard-driven Cattel you have made a purchase of at the Play, and strut and hum up and down the Tavern with a swashy Mien, and a terrible hoarse Voice, which the Lady (to engage your liking) returns with some awkward Frisks, instead of Dancing, and a Song in a squeaking Voice, as untunable as a broken Bagpipe. Then supper coming in, the Glasses go about briskly. The Fools think the Wenches heavenly Company, and they tell them they are extream fine Gentlemen; 'till at last few Words are best; the Bargain's made, the Pox is cheaply purchas'd at the price of a Guinea, and no repentance on neither side. What think ye, Sir, am I not a rare Picture drawer?

Hotsp. 'Faith yes, Madam, and must sure have been a Practiser you self, you have done it so exactly. 'D's death! no Help yet! Oh, here comes *Stockjob*; this was lucky: I shall be reliev'd now, sure.

Enter Stockjobb and Sir Quibble.

Stock. Hoh, honest *Will*, good morrow to thee; good morrow, Cousin *Siss*, and Madam your Servant, and so forth. What, and *Pogry* here too! Why how now, little *Pogry*! how does my Deery! how does my Fawn, my Pricket, my Duck, my Dove, and so forth. Well; does *Richmond-Air* agree with thee? Does little *Hans-in-kelder* kick yet? Hah, *Pogry*? Prithee how dost like the Prospect? Is't not a sweet Place, and so forth.

Mrs. Stock. Ony, *par ma Foy* is it de ver fine Place. *Dicky*, we have valk dis morning as far as de Mount; dere is de Grove just by de River *tout charmant*, vere is de most rare place to lie and sleep in, *Dicky*.

Sophr. And to make ye a Cuckold in, *Dicky*. [*Mimicking her.*]

Stockj. Ha, ha, ha! Oh your Servant, Madam, *Sophronia*; are you so brisk already with your Jokes, and so forth? D'ye hear, *Pogry*? Madam *Sophronia* is at her Jokes slap-dash this morning.

Squeam. Ay, Cousin, she has been breathing her self upon us.

Hotsp. Her Ladiship's out of danger of a Tiffick for this Season, I'll warrant her.

Sir Quib. They talk as if she had been beating 'em all, I'll say't. Pray, Madam, why do they talk at this rate? Where lies the Jest on't? What is the meaning of your high Discourse? And when will you Raffle at the Wells again, Madam?

Sophr. Fool——

Sir Quib. Fool! that's nonsense I'll say't. And why Fool, pray, Madam? What, and which, and where, and when, and——

Stock. Hold, hold, prithee, *Sir Quibble*, let me attack her; she call'd me Cuckold you know. Come, Madam, I'll stand ye fair, 'faith: Your Reason, your Reason; come, slap dash away with it, and so forth.

Sophr. Why I have skill in Physiognomy, and see't in thy Face: All Humanes are allotted to some Fate or other, and thine is to be a Cuckold. The dimpled Slit there upon the Tip of thy Nose, and shaggy meeting of thy Pent-house Eye-brows, shew it plain. To be brief, a Lampoon upon ye all were a meritorious Work: First you, Mrs. *Squeamish*, for always railing at it; and yet by your ridiculous Behaviour perpetually giving cause. Secondly, thee Knight, for being Friends with Fortune, that allots thee to be bubbled by thy younger Brother. Next you, Sir, for the intolerable Town-Vices of Drinking, Wenching, Gaming, *cum multis aliis*, as I told you before. Then you, good Protestant Refugee, for wheedling and cornuting your *Dicky* there: And last poor *Dicky* for running about the Town Wagering and Stockjobbing, when *Pogry* has a more proper Job for him to look after; and so farewell't ye.

Look

Look Sharp, if thou'dst be free from future Scorns; [Pats him on the
The less thy Heed, the larger still thy Horns. Pare, and Exit.

Stock. Hey, Slap dash, why she's as sharp as Vinegar this Morning, and so forth.

Sir Quib. Zooks, so she is, I'll say't: But why the Devil does she rail so: And where the Devil has she all her Wit I wonder?

Mrs. Stock. Dis Railery is too morose, she wants de *French* breeding extremely.

Squeam. To vindicate a Lampoon? O filthy!

Hotsp. Faith, *Dick*, Thou'rt a Fool if thou mind'st what she says, she uses her Father, Brothers and Sisters in this manner.

Stock. Not I, slap dash, she may talk what she will, and so forth, I believe nothing against *Pogry*. Come Cousin, *Sifs*, and Gentlemen, I invite ye all to Dinner to Day, for little *Pogry* and I here, intend to have the Fiddles, and be merry. Hey, slap dash, I vow my Heart's as light as a Feather; for I have laid a World of good Wagers this Morning, I shall get five hundred Pounds by 'em I'm sure; besides *Stock* rises to a Miracle: And I've invented two such rare Projects for the improvement of Tabby Cats Skins for Ladies Muffs, and Spirit of Acorns to cure Agues, that the whole Exchange rings of it. Come, there you shall know my Wagers too, and say of me, as that Eminent Common-Council-man, some Years since, did to the then Lord Mayor, *Ob how great a Grace from Heaven is a Wise Citizen!* [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cunningham and Marmalet.

Marm. Well, as I'm a Christian, Sir, if what you have promis'd me prove to be true, you have made me the happiest Woman in the whole World.

Cun. Hold a your Tongue, and take care you no cross your Star: Come vere fall we be private?

Marm. Have but Patience a Minute, Sir, I'll only go and see what the Doctor is doing, and come and conduct ye immediately.

Cun. Make haste; vat you tink de Star vill stay for you.

Marm. I go, Sir, I go.

[Exit *Marm.*

Cuning. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I find this is some old Waiting-woman belonging to this place, whom I have already turn'd the wrong side outward, with promising her a Husband: I have engaged to tell her Fortune, upon Condition she discovers all her Secrets to me: The first of which shall be, the Discovery of *Quickwit's* Design, which I am resolv'd to ruin, only for the dear sake of the Mischief that will come of it: I have frighted her damnably already;

I

I have made her believe I am the Son of the Devil upon a *Lapland-Witch*; and that if she obeys me, she shall live to be a Countess; but if not, she shall be brought to sell Save-alls and Card-matches, old Rags, and Small-coal in her old Age; and, at last, die upon a Dunghill near *Fleet-ditch*. Here she comes, now to my Grimace-agen.

Re-enter Marmalet.

Marm. Come, Sir, the Coast is clear now: Softly for Heaven's sake; for the Doctor is just coming up.

Cun. If he dare come in my presence, I will conjure him——

Marm. Bless me!

Cun. Vat you pray! Zoon, Let me no hear you pray——go, get you gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Guaiacum with a Letter. Sir Charles, T. Romance, Shinken, and Numps.

Guia. Well, Friend, the Countess has done me the Honour to inform me in her Letter here, that she relies upon my Skill and Experience to cure her Son, nor shall my diligence be wanting; but she writes me, no Word here, whence the *Delirium* sprung: Prithes, how came his Brain distemper'd first; what Accident, what Cause, hah?

Numps. Odswokers, and't like your Worship, all that I know is, they zay Maister Toomas was hugely in Love with one of his Lady Countesses Dairy Maids; and becase they cross'd him, he dissolv'd with himself to vall stark mad upon't: Her Name was *Mopsee*, and't like ye, yow was parlous Jade, yow had a Skin an'twere any Milk-pan, and a Vace as bright as a Pewter-dish; yow was vengenable handsome, Odswokers——

T. Rom. Odswoker, ha, ha, ha, damn him, What silly Clownish Booby have we got here?

Shink. He was come of the ancient Stock of the *Pritains*, I believe by his Peard: And look you, Cousin, if he is *Pritains*, he is Shentleman a-course, and *Shinken* will findicate his Honour.

T. Rom. His Honour, ha, ha, ha, why, hark'e, Cousin, the Beggars have long Beards, are they all Gentlemen too?

Shink. Look you, Cousin, if they are *Pritains*, they are.

Sir Char. A Man of Quality! supposed to be well bred too, and run mad for a Dunghil-Drab, a Dairy-Wench! This is very odd. The Name of this unhappy Gentleman, good Doctor?

Guia. Why, Sir, his Name is *De la Fool*, he's of the ancient Family of the *De la Fool's* of the South; their great Ancestor was a famous Officer under King *Harold*, who being routed by *William* the Conqueror, fell mad, and the Disease has more or less run in the Blood ever since: There is near them another Family of the *De la Wits* too, that are craz'd at one time of the Moon; and indeed, it may be properly said, they divide her between em, one being mad in the Wax, and t'other in the Wane.

Sir Char. Nay, nay, 'tis a mad Age here too as well as in the South, and therefore I the less wonder at it; but my Daughter, Doctor, my Daughter, how does she recover?

Gniac. More of that, Sir, presently.——Go, Friend, and try if you can decoy my Lord hither: And go you, Christopher, and bid *Marmalet* bring her Lady too; there is no better Cure of Lunacy than by reflection, Sir Charles your Daughter's Distemper proceeding from disordered Love, makes her still vent the Effects upon the imaginary Persons; particularly I have observed four, of different Qualities, which are a Courtier, an Alderman, a Politician, and a Divine.

Sir Char. There were four that did formerly teize her for her Estate indeed; but proceed, good Doctor.

Gniac. To sooth her Malady therefore, and that I may the better time my Medicines, I have ordered four Persons always to stand ready to represent 'em, which you and this Gentleman may now as naturally supply; for the distinguishes very little as yet. Pray stand in order; and, by the Life of *Galen*, 'twill make ye laugh heartily to see what Freaks she'll perform. Well, Christopher, is she coming?

Christ. Yes, Sir.

T. Rom. Why then may I never make a good Intrigue more, if this plaguy Doctor instead of a Cure upon me, would not make me run mad in a Week's time, if I were with him.

Shink. By his Prabbles and his Pratings, I think his Prains in as pad Conditions as his Patients, by St. *Davy*.

Gniac. This new Madman, now being possessed with a Frenzy somewhat near his own, will very much assist her; therefore I resolve they shall be much together; for I have some reason to hope the worst is past, because she inclines to Musick, and will often sing very sensibly. Oh, here she comes, pray observe now.

Enter Fulvia madly dress'd, and Marmalet.

Fulv. Give me fresh Air, the Place is hot and foultry; the Rooms are warmed with Lovers scorching Sighs that glow and breath upon me. Is there no remedy? Must I be crowded thus——Hah! Who's here? My cringing, complementing, comical, coxcomby Courtier agen, my perpetual Teizer, Sir *Thomas Spindle*: What Impudence is this? He has nothing but a silly Place at Court, 250 l. a Year, it won't buy me Pins: he can't settle four Groats upon me, and yet plagues me Four thousand times in an hour. Lord! how he looks too like a Death's-head in an Apothecaries Shop, his Lips pale, his Eyes sunk, and his Cheeks as thin as an Anatomy: A Cordial, a Cordial, Doctor, the Man's dying; did ye ever see a thing look so?

Gniac. Lean, lean, Madam, as Lovers generally use to be: I'll advise him to get a pair of Plumpers against he comes next. She takes your *Welsh* Cousin for the Courtier, Sir Charles.

Marm.

Marm. So now she's safe, I'll back agen to my Fortune-Teller. I was born to be a Countess, as I'm a Christian. [*Aside and Exit.*]

Sir Char. She has been horribly mad I find.

Shink. As March-Hairs; look you, Uncle, that is the fery plain truth of Matters.

T. Rom. Pox on't, would she would get her Senses quickly, or give me leave to make Love to some body else: I am like a Fish out of the Water all this while, I can't live nor breath without intriguing; I've above forty *Billet doux* now ready seal'd that all stick upon my hands, 'Gad take me.

Fulv. Hah! Sure my Eyes dazle, who comes next here, what the honourable and famous Politician, Mr. *Votewell*?

Guic. Pray observe, Sir, she takes your Son for a Politician.

Fulv. Indeed, Sir, you wrong your self and the Nation, to leave the Affairs of State for my sake, the *French* will certainly outwit us in your absence; nay, you shan't stay a minpte longer, indeed you shan't. Go, go, *Changing Tone.*
Sir, you must go, the Committee wants you——Fie! Fie!
A Senator waste his Time in teizing one single Woman, when he may have the Opportunity of plaguing a whole Nation! Faith it shall never be said——
Doctor, pray help me, we'll thrust him out:

T. Rom. Ay, 'Gad, would ye would, I shall lose a rare Intrigue else. [*Aside*]

Guic. Not so, good Madam, he's troubled with the Gout, and too quick a Motion may injure him; we'll fend for a Chair: Hey, within there, fetch Mr. *Votewell* a Chair. [*pushes him away.*]

Fulv. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Oh! the intolerable Machinations of a conceited Statesman; but stay, what more solid Mischief is this approaches me, Hah! sure 'tis impossible; what, Mr. Alderman *Niggle*? Nay, then I'm surprized indeed.

Guic. Good! you are taken for the Alderman, Sir *Charles*, look grave and feed the Humour. [*To Sir Charles.*]

Fulv. See how he has powder'd his Peruke, and smugg'd his old Face up with a pernicious Design to ruine me. Look how he frisks and hops about to shew me what heat and vigour remains in Sixty five: Ah! [*Shrieks*] Hands off, I'm resolv'd you shan't touch me; Fie, Fie, Fie, an old Fellow, and thus rampant: Ah—ah—help, help, Doctor quickly, this Devil of an Alderman will ravish me.

Guic. Oh! Fie, Fie, Madam, by the Life of *Galen*, there's no danger, the Alderman's too old.

Fulv. Look, he frisks, he dances, he jumps; hark'e d'ye hear him too, he says he stews his Gold-Chain in Harts-horn Jelly, and drinks it every morning to make him lusty——Ah——he comes upon me agen, he will ravish me, He can ravish me, help, help.

Guic. Oons, 'tis impossible, Madam, when did you ever hear of an Alderman that ravish'd any Body——If she were in her right Wits now, I should think she meant this as a Satyr upon the City, by the Life of *Galen*.

Sir Char. This is, indeed, the most fantastical Phrensie that ever I read or heard of: How long does it usually hold her.

Guic. Forty minutes together, sometimes more; I have weakned it to forty minutes by my skill, it formerly held her an hour.

T. Rom. To the dear, soft, white, pretty hand of that super-excellent Lady Mrs. Gillian Gingerbread; ah, 'gad take me this billet should have been dispatch'd away this very minute, and here am I playing the fool in a Mad-house.

Shink. Nay, pray you Cousins, have patience, she is engaged now with the Fellow in the Placks, look you, pray you let's hear.

Fulv. Oh, — Mr. *Tickletext* — [groans and weeps.]

Guic. Observe now how the humour turns, now she is come to her Melancholy fit, and takes *Christopher* for a Parson.

Fulvia. Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, Wife Mr. *Tickletext*, that ever I should live to see you thus overtaken, to leave your Flock in the Wilderness, to follow me upon the Mountains, to fall from your zealous and instructive Principles, carnally to fall in Love, and change the strong motions of the Spirit for those of the Flesh — O, Mr. *Tickletext* — [weeps!] What will become of your poor Soul?

Guic. I've observ'd she's always extremely troubled about the Parsons Soul, 'tis a thing worthy observation.

Fulv. Doctor — [mournfully.]

Guic. What say you, Madam?

Fulv. Does Mr. *Tickletext* drink hard think you?

Guic. No, sure-Madam; not hard.

Fulv. Nor Swear, nor Game, Doctor?

Guic. Neither Madam, unless it be a Game at Put now and then, for a Bowl of Lambswool.

Fulv. For a Bowl of Punch rather, I fear Doctor; ay, 'tis so, I know it by the red tip of his Nose; the Parson hates Lambswool, he loves the Bowl, the Bowl, the lusty Bowl; and there alas his poor Soul will be drown'd.

Guic. His Soul again, pray observe.

Fulv. Yet, what care I, I'm Mrs. of my own fate, let 'em drink, let 'em roar, let 'em sing, what is't to me I'll do the same.

Sings. How vile are the sordid Intrigues of the Town,

Cheating and lying, perpetually sway

From Bully and Punk to the Politick Gown,

In plotting and sotting they waste the whole day.

Let me have Musick, and bring in *Orpheus* there, O, my hard fortune

Guic. So now the Fit's almost spent; let 'em come in there, [she sits down, these are Lunaticks by me appointed on purpose to indulge the Humour, the one was a Young hot-blooded Officer that being balk'd in a Battel, against the French in Flanders, fell mad upon't, the Woman crack'd her Brain with Pride and Malice, hearing her Lover say, another was handsomer and better dress'd at a Court Ball.

There's a Song in parts, between a mad Man, and a mad Woman, then two other mad Men, who sit down, then enter Numps and Quickwit, like a mad Man with a Paper.

Guic. You

Guiac. You may perceive by this, Sir *Charles*, the Frenzy will wear off by degrees, ——— but see, here comes my Lord.

Quick. Though *Cerberus* bark, the Cat-a-mountain howl,
Though Winds do roar, and Waves do rowl,

Mopsa's my Life, *Mopsa's* my Soul.

[grins.

Numps. Worse and worse, ah, lack-a-day, ah, lack-a-day, O my poor Maister!

Guiac. His Distemper vents it self much in scraps of Poetry, which shews it to be the more violent and dangerous.

Sir Char. Why so, good Doctor.

Guiac. Why Sir, Poetry is a kind of Madness in it self, and must consequently make a very ill addition to the Patients Distemper. I'll speak to him, what have you there, my Lord?

Quick. Treason, in black and white, ——— Though *Cerberus* bark, the Cat-a-mountain howl, I'll conjure for her, I'll go down below into the Devils dairy, there I shall find her licking the Cream-bowls, or pressing Curds to make *Beelzebub's* Cheese, — Hark, ye Patron, are you the Devil?

Guiac. The Devil! not I my Lord, bless me, what a question's there.

Quick. Nor yet his Dam?

Guiac. Nor his Dam neither, I'm your Doctor, my Lord.

Quick. Bring *Mopsa* then, I'll drown my self in Tears else, [falls down.

Numps. O, worse and worse! O that chav'e liv'd to zee this day, odswokers, he had as notable a Pate, a Vornight ago as e'er a one in our Shire; our Minister at home was a Bottlehead toun, and now to zee the Case zo chang'd, and hear un talk zo like a Vool, odswoker che can't forbear weeping vor the heart o' me. [howls out

T. Rom. O prethee, Pox take thee for a Bumpkin, what a howling dost thou make; ah, my dear sweet Miss Ginger-bread, 'gad take me, I shall grow as mad as they, if I am kept here much longer [kisses the Letter.

Shink. There is fery goot moralities and observations to be made in this place, look you Cousins, therefore pray you have patience.

Quick. Hast brought her? that's my Boy, ay there she is, I know her now. [Starting up.

Sings. By those Pignies, that Stars do seem,
Those Breasts as white as Curds and Cream,
Those Cherry Lips and dimpled Chin,
'Tis *Mopsa* that shall be my Queen.

Guiac. She makes up to him now, the Distemper works now, they are curing one another, the two mad Men rise and dance with 'em.

[Dance.

Fulvia Sings. Art thou the Crack-brain'd Fool thou seem'st to be?

Quick. Art thou a white-fac'd Ape as mad as he?

A foolish Female nice and shy,

That never yet trod shooe awry,

Nor suffer'd youngster by the by,

Fulvia.

To have a finger in the Pye?
 In spite of Rings and Bracelets gay,
 Sweet Junkets on a Holyday,
 Or all that silly Men can say
 I'm still of Vesta's Train a Maid.
 'Tis then for want of Humane Aid.

Quick.

Fulv. No, no.

Quick. Ay, ay.

Fulv. No, no.

Quick. Ay, ay.

Fulv. I'm still a Maid.

Quick. O fye, O fye!

Fulv. In thought and deed, and so will die.

Quick. You are a Fool, or else you lye, —but if thou art, go to the Queen and beg me, for I must hang to Morrow for a Rape, committed upon fifteen Richmond Virgins, thirty years old and upwards, that have stood the shock of Mankind most miraculously, there's my Petition, read it and away.

[gives her a Letter]

Fulv. By Heaven 'tis Frederick's Hand, and I find now, this is all feign'd madness, and a Plot of his to bring me off, O ye dear witty Creature,

[aside.]

Quick. Cry ye mercy Sir, by that shaggy Eyebrow, and that [pulls Guiac. away] grizzled Phiz, I know ye now, you are the Recorder.

Guiac. Variety of Madness, he said I was the Devil just now, and now he takes me for the Recorder.

Quick. There, there's your Fee, and pray defer my Sentence, I must not come to th' Gallows, I have Money, let friendless Fellons, Fools, and Beggars dangle; I'll bribe thee well, I must not hang, I've Money.

Sir Char. The mad Fool speaks now methodically, Money indeed will do any thing.

Quick. What do I see, a guard to bear me off, and before Sentence, nay then have at ye, avaunt ye Slaves, ye Pultroons, scour ye Vipers, a rescue, a rescue, fall on my Friends, down with 'em.

[snatches a Sword from T. Romance and beats 'em.]

Sir Char. Ah, Plague of our heedless folly to come Arm'd amongst mad Men, there's no contending with him.

[Quickwit drives 'em about the Stage.]

T. Rom. My Lord, my Lord, 'odsdeath what d'ye mean?

Shink, Mean to a mad Man, that is fery simple by St. Davy, goot her Lord have patience, Shinken was her friend and fery humble Servant look you.

Guiac. My Lord, my Lord, I am the Recorder you know. [Quick. beats 'em.]

Quick. The Devil thou art, down with 'em there, a rescue, a rescue.

Guiac. Am I a Devil again, nay then there's no fence against a flail, I must give way too.

[Exit Guiacum and Quickwit locks the Door.]

Quick. Ha, ha, ha, so, if this was not well play'd, I'll n'er Act part again.

Fulv. Thou art the best of Actors, and shalt be rewarded accordingly, nor shall honest Numps be forgotten neither.

Numps. 'Ods

Numps. Odswookers, che can make a Vool of vorty such Doctors as this is.

Quick. Your Ladyship would make an admirable Actress, faith Madam, to out-wit the Doctor so artificially — 'tis a Masterpiece.

Fulv. Ha, ha, ha, and before the grave Knight and young Fool's face too.

Quick. Ha, ha, ha, ha, and but reasonable Madam, what should a Fool do with so fine a Lady.

Fulv. O, Sir your Complement some other time, come whilst we have this opportunity let's into my Closet, and consult about the manner of my escape.

Quick. Which is contriv'd methodically in that Letter there, by your Lover, who I hope suddenly shall be happy in his reward too.

Fulv. If faithful Love, and an obedient Wife can make him happy, he may assure himself of me, I know his Merit, and have a Soul to prize it.

*Nor shall the wretched Customs of the World,
That change the sweets of Love t' a sordid Bargain,
Ever corrupt my Nature, wealth is a good addition,
And shall be given by me a Slave to vertue,
And wait upon the kind brave Man I love,
Who Weds a Fool, affronts her humane Nature;
Who can be kind to such a Brutal Creature,
'Tis Wit with Love improves the Marriage Charms,
And such a Man is welcome to my Arms.*

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Cunnington and Marmalet.

Cunn. **V**EL now, as you hope to be de Countess, and keep your fix Footmen and your Page, dis is all true vat you tell me.

Marm. Every syllable in troth Sir, O fye, upon my Integrity I would not tell ye a Lye for the versal World.

Cunn. Ver good, vel den I will tell you the rest of your fortune, but first fesh me de Almanack, dat I may tell de good day from de bad, dat is material point.

Marm. Yes Sir, I'll bring it presently — a Countess, why, well fare thy heart old Jenny, fix Footmen and a Page, odsme I'm overjoy'd.

[*Exit*]

Cunn. So,

Cunn. So, I have squeez'd her as dry as a sponge already, the Heiress in this House, that Sir *Charles Romance* designs for his Son, only feigns her self mad, and *Quickwit* is by a Trick to get her away for young *Frederick*, ha, ha, ha, ha, I warrant he thinks himself as secure of her now, as a Cat is of a Mouse that he has between his Paw, ha, ha, ha, alas poor Fool, but if I aim right, he shall find himself damnably mistaken, for what will I do now, but privately go and discover all to Sir *Charles*, so get my self a swinging Reward, and *Quickwit* a Plaguy beating, that shall stick by him this Month, ha, ha, ha, 'gad I love such a mischief with all my heart, how it tickles me, I grow even fat at the conceit on't. O here comes my Countess, I must dispatch this old Fool first, and then away ——— Murn, now for fortune-telling.

Re-enter Marmalet with an Almanack.

Marm. Here's an Almanack and 't please ye.

Cunn. O let me see, *June, June, June, July.* Vere be de [*changing his voice* Dog-day, dat be de ver good time to make de Intrigue, let me see, you say you ver born in *July*.

Marm. The fourteenth and shall please ye.

Cunn. Oh, Ver good, ver good, now shake your left Arm and your right Leg both together, vich we call in Astrology de simple motion.

Marm. Is that right, pray Sir.

[*Shakes her Arm and Leg awkwardly.*]

Cunn. Yes, yes, dat vill do ver well, dat I must needs say is de ver simple motion indeed.

Marm. But Sir, you tell me nothing all this white, pray Sir, what good fortune shall I have? and particularly, I beseech ye Sir, to give me leave to ask that question, that we Maids most desire to know, which is, when shall I be married, and please ye?

Cunn. Cry *Hymen* vid a sigh, one, two, tre time so, now sit cross-legg'd, and turn de Gnomon of your face, dat is your nose; [*pulls her Nose to de North-East, dat's right, now smile a little, smile foolishly like, right, now let me feel your pulse; aw ver well, I see now you shall have for your Husband de ver Gentleman dat vas to steal away your Lady.*]

[*She makes silly grimaces*]

Marm. What Mr. *Quickwit*, and shall I be no Countess after all this.

Cunn. Zoon Metresse have de patience and understand your good Fortune, he shall live to be, let me see, Baron of *Barn-elms*, and if de Planet, dat I see dere say right, he shall be Duke of *Twitnam*, *Mortlack*, and *Brainford*, go, go presently, find him out, and make de Love to him, for I see by my Art, dat dis is de Critical minute, and ver fit for your purpose — go.

Marm. Well, I vow Sir, you have ravished me with your Words Dutcheff of *Twitnam*, *Mortlack*, and *Brainford*; why, this is prodigious, Lord to see! how preferment will puff up a body, methinks a Countess is too small a title now.

Cunn. Hark you, one word more, if he refuse you, take two, tre more of your Female Friend vid good Cudgel, and beat him, vor de Star do appoint dat

dat way to make soft his Heart and Inclination, fear noting, beat him but soundly, and he shall love you for ever after—Adieu. I must get out and laugh somewhere, or I shall burst. *[Aside, Exit.]*

Marm. Dutcheffs of *Twitnam*, *Mortlack*, and *Brainford*, — O Lord, methinks I don't feel the ground I go on! Well, this is a most admirable Person, as I'm a Christian, and of most profound skill, for he told me some marks about me, as right, as if he had been by when I was brought into the World. Well, if Cudgelling my Lover will make me noble, I'll get them that shall lay it on with a good will In troth, for methinks, I long to be call'd your Grace, your Grace. Lord, how it tickles me, pray Heaven my Brain stand firm, for I've heard these new honours are very intoxicating. *[Exit.]*

Enter Quickwit, Fulvia, and Numps.

Quick. You'll be sure to be ready, Madam, against twelve at Night.

Fulv. As punctual as the Minute, get you but the door open that can let us into the Garden, and for the rest let me alone.

Quick. For that, let me alone, and do'e hear, *Numps*, be sure you take your opportunity to slip out and acquaint Mr. *Frederick*, that the Coach may be ready at the time, 'dsheart if we should fail in our business to Night, I should be poyson'd before noon to Morrow, with Pills, Powders, and confounded Potions, which I see are preparing for me yonder: for Heavens sake, how came you to 'scape, Madam.

Fulv. Why, my being obstinate at first, has made the Fool take an opinion, that he can cure me with specificks. 'Tis such a positive Coxcomb, that if he once gets a notion into his Head, there's no removing it, tho never so absurd or ridiculous. Come, *Numps*, come you along with me, you must carry a Letter for me.

Numps. A Letter for ye, ah, would you were to be folded up into a Letter your self, and I were to carry ye to Mr. *Frederick*, I'd trudge for ye heartily—I would odswokers, there's my word still.

Fulv. Well, *Numps*, he shall know the good service you would do him, but for the present let's part, for fear the Doctor should be prying about my Lord *de la Fool* — your Lordships most humble — ha, ha. *[Exit.]*

Numps. Oh, my poor Maister, O, O! odswokers the job goes on rarely. *[Exit.]*

Quickwit Solus.

Quick. So, I think I'm in as pretty a way now to get five hundred pounds, as heart can wish, nothing but the very Devil or my Friend *Cunnington* can hinder the happy conclusion now, and I think I have been cunning enough to keep it out of his reach, I know the Rogue will envy my good fortune, but that will breed occasion for more mirth hereafter, and when the Guineas are in my hand once, I shall have the better gust to rally and laugh at him — O Mrs. *Marmalet*, your humble Servant.

Enter Marmalet, who curtsies to him and smiles affectedly.

Marm. Yours, sweet Mr. *Quickwit*, or rather, sweet my Lord, I mean not as in the former counterfeit strain, but in very good truth and reality, I give you your title as it is to be.

Quick. Say ye so, Mrs. *Marmalet*, I would I were to give you a new Gown upon that condition.

Marm. Ah my Lord, your Grace must give me more than a new Gown before that comes to pass, — yet it shall happen. [*Curties still.*]

Quick. My Grace, what a Plague does she mean, why hark'e, good mouldy conserve of Quinces, I thought you had been more busie in ~~packing up your~~ Ladies things, than to stand bant'ring here my Grace, what a Devil art thou Mad?

Marm. No, no, my Lord, I am not Mad my Lord, you should find me perfect in every part, if your Grace would please to try me.

Quick. Zoons my Grace agen.

Marm. In brief, great Duke it is your Love I seek, on which depends your fortune, on which depends, my making or my marring, behold I stand here suing for your liking, a spotless Maid, a Virgin Cabinet, that fifty years has kept its treasure close, from Spiders, Moths, and from all other Vermin, till now kind fate has given a key to you.

Quick. Crack'd, downright Craz'd as I live, this comes of living to be an old Maid.

Marm. Ah, dear my Lord, do not deceive your self, I have my senses right and all things else thank Heaven.

Quick. Why, what a Plague dost Lord me at this rate then? and talk to me of Treasures, and Cabinets, and Spiders, and Moths, and making, and marring; why ye Queen *Elizabeth's* Old Fardingale, ye dirty wrinkled worm-eaten Ruff without Starch, ye tarnish'd old fashion'd Picture of mad *Hecuba* in the Hangings, what dost cant of Love to me for?

Marm. Does not my Person nor my Merits move ye, know then, the Stars appoint ye honours, if you Marry me, you shall become a Duke.

Quick. Become a Dog, Pox on ye for an old Carrion, is this a time for whimsies.

Marm. It is the time my Lord, the only time, I am told by Art, that if we Marry, we shall both be Noble, I do beseech your Grace believe my Tears, there are great Honours budding.

Quick. Honours and budding, what a Devil can this plaguy Hag mean by all this?

Marm. Good my Lord, Marry me I do beseech your Grace, relent.

Quick. I wont ye old Fool, pox take ye, I wont I tell ye, and get ye gone, and play your Oafs tricks somewhere else, or I'll kick ye. Marry her, I'd assoon Marry a *Lancashire Witch*, that was sick of the Plague.

Marm. How, nay then since my hard fate, since no fair means will do, the Stars must have their way.

[*Exit, and re-enter presently with two other female Servants arm'd with Cudgels.*]

Quick. My Grace and my Lordship, and Marry, ha, ha, ha, 'gad I believe the old Sibil has been regaling her self, with a gill or two of Brandy after Dinner, and her frigid veins having gotten a little warmth, provoke her to think of Marriage, Marriage with a Pox to her. [*He turns his back, and she strikes him over the Shoulders.*]

Marm. Dear Sir excuse me.

Quick. Excuse ye, what a Plague's the matter now.

Serv. 'Tis all for your good, indeed my Lord.

[*Strikes him.*]

Quick. 'Dheart ye damm'd Jezebel, be quiet you had best.

Marm. 'Tis

Marm. 'Tis much against my good nature, but

Quick. But, what, ye Devil, but what — are ye bewitch'd

Serv. The Stars will have it so.

[Strikes him agen

[rubs himself.

Quick. — Oons the Stars.

Marm. Do but consent to Marry me, and be a Duke.

Quick. Ye Crackbrain'd Idiot.

Serv. Of — *Twitnam.*

[strikes him.

Quick. Very well, Witch.

Serv. *Mortlack.*

[strikes him.

Quick. Fiends and Furies.

Marm. And *Brainford* upon my Honour, 'tis pity Love puts on so rough a visage, but 'tis the fates decree; and I must,

[beats him still.

Quick. The Devil brain ye, 'dsdeath, stand off, for if I get into ye, I will so rattle your bones, ye mouldy, mischievous, wither'd, worm-eaten —

Enter Fulvia and Numps in haste.

Fulv. Lost, lost, ruin'd undown, we are all betray'd and discover'd — how now, what's the matter here.

[Maid Servants run out.

Quick. A Sibil, a Succubus. 'Gad 'tis well you came in Madam, I would have tryed what power that Witch would have, when I had drawn blood of her.

Fulv. What Witch, what does he talk of, the witchcraft is within yonder — I tell ye, y'are all betray'd, Sir *Charles* has discover'd us.

Quick. A Hag, a Nightmare, — What's that you say Madam, discover'd, what's discover'd.

[changing his tone.

Fulv. We, we, all of us, some Devil or other has betray'd us, and discover'd all our design to Sir *Charles*, and the Doctor whom I overheard just now, threatening such unmerciful punishments to you and poor *Numps* there, that it almost distracted me to hear 'em.

Numps. *Ralph*, *Tom*, and *Christopher*, and all the Servants of the House are call'd up for no good I fear, odswokers, look, look, see if that plaguy word will leave me now, — would I had never learn'd it.

Quick. So, I find that I have had yet, only a sample of Cudgelling, the main payment is behind hand, I'm in a very pretty condition faith, but how could this be Madam, 'dsdeath, who is this Devil of a discoverer, what's his name.

Fulv. That, Sir *Charles* would not inform the Doctor, being as it seems enjoin'd him as a secret, yet thus far told him, that it was an old Comrade of yours, and one of your own society.

Quick. *Cunnington*, as I live I find it now, it can be no Devil else — O, Son of a Whore! O, malicious Dog!

Fulv. But how he came to know it, that's Witchcraft agen.

Marm. Odsbodikins, my heart misgives me, that I can best tell that, my Conjurers name was *Cunnington*, who promis'd me a Dukedom for the secret, and bound himself with a hundred Oaths to keep it, and sure a Conjuror has too much conscience to break his Oath, I must go and be better satisfied, for I'm in a strange quandary as I'm a Christian.

[Exit.

Quick. I shall be made a meer jest, a Fool to all the Town and Country, be beaten, pump'd, and for ought I know, thrown into the Horsepond.

Fulv. I must needs, nay, they do threaten some such thing, that's the truth on't.

Quick. They do ; nay, ten to one, or some worse punishment. *Numps*, prithee contrive something to help at a Pinch; what shall we do, hah ?

Numps. Why, truly my Lord *de la Fool*, if I might advise your good Lordship.

Quick. Nay, nay, Pox on't, no jokes now, thou know'st 'tis honourable enough to assist Lovers, *Numps*.

Numps. *Numps*, *Numps*, what *Numps*, I'll be *Numps* no more not I, my Name's *Gregory Golding* an Ale-house-keeper here at *Twitnam*; 'oons, I shall have my Bones broke here about your *Numps*, and your honourable Lovers, would I were well out on't, 'odswokers, plague take that word too, would 'twere hang'd.

Fulv. I find *Numps* would hardly undertake me now folded up in a Letter.

Quick. 'Sdeath here they come, all contrivance is in vain too, I find I must bear it.

Fulv. Nay, I am almost in as bad a Case, for I shall be tiez'd out of my Life, by Sir *Charles* and the young Blockhead now; but come, let's Act it to the last, my Lord, let's play our parts well however.

Numps. A vengeance on't, I shall make a hopeful part of mine I believe.

Enter Sir Charles, Guicam, and Christopher.

Guic. Manage you your Daughter Sir *Charles*, whilst I confront this Rascal. Your Servant, my noble Lord. [to Quickwit.]

Quick. [Staring madly] Is *Mopsa* come from the Black Stigian Fields, where yearly range the Cows of *Proserpine*, *Tib*, *Whitehorn*, *Colly*, *Redrose*, *Smut*, and *Blincks*; see where she sits stroking the swelling Teats, and takes Infernal Cream in Pills of Agate.

Guic. Rare counterfeiting Rascal.

[Aside.]

Sir *Char.* How does my Daughter, do the Lovers tieze her still, where's the Reve and Mr. *Tickletext*, and the Worshipful Mr. *Alderman Niggle*, ha ?

Fulv. [Staring too] There, there he is, he shakes his Gold Chain at me, and pulls out his hair purse with fifty pieces, thinking to bribe my vertue, ah * I'll have none on't, ah * y'are an old Fellow, avaunt, avaunt, ah * ah * [shrieks out.]

Sir *Charl.* Oh strange ! why Doctor, she grows worse and worse.

Guic. Extremely ill Sir, I have been very much deceiv'd in her, I see now I must be forc'd to tie her in her Bed, and give her a Purge or two of Sand and Snow-water to abate this heat, — she shall take it to Night.

Fulv. The Devil shall have you first.

[Aside.]

Guic. And as for my Lord there, I see his fit Increases too, and I must be severe with him. Go, *Christopher*, get the Gives and Fetters ready, and call the rest of your Fellows as I order'd, tell the Surgeon too, I'll have the Skin of my Lords Head flead off, and rubb'd with Salt and Vinegar.

Quick. Oh, Lord —

[Aside.]

Guic. His Lordship has a wonderous hot Pate; I'll cool it with a Vengeance. You, Friend, [to Numps] I think are somewhat craz'd too; but 'tis but slight. A good sound whipping three times round the Orchard will set you right, *Numps*.

Numps. Ah, no *Numps*, and't like your Worship, no *Numps*, I'm a poor, *Twickenham* Man, meerly drawn in as I hope to be fav'd.

Guic. How does your Pulse beat now, my Lord, humph — do'e know me yet: am I a Devil, or a Recorder — Speak, I know your Cure is perfect.

Quick. Why

Quick. Why then, Faith, Doctor, I thank ye, I'm as well as ever I was in all my Life. [Briskly.]

Numps. And I too, Odswokers—agen—would the Devil had that word—

Sir Char. But *Fulvia* there says nothing, her Distemper reigns still.

Fulv. No, Faith, now I think on't, I'm perfectly cur'd too; [in a brisk Tone.]
Come, Sir *Charles*, and Doctor, 'tis but a Frolick, a Trial of Wit you see; hang't, pass it by for once, and give 'em their Liberty.

Guic. Not too fast, good Madam. Within there ho, [Enter Servants.]
See these two well beaten, pump'd, and ross'd in a Blanket, for fear of a Relapse, and then discharge 'em.

Sir Char. Let 'em be swing'd to purpose—go get you in, I'll speak with you anon. [Exit Fulvia.]

Quick. Nay, nay, Sir *Charles*, what for a Trick of Wit? 'Twas but a Trick of Wit, Faith, Doctor.

Guic. Oh, Sir, your Wit is out of its Sphere now; and to set it right, I am obliged to cudgel ye by my Profession. Away with 'em.

Numps. This comes of Acting *Numps*, a Plague o' your Acting [They are pull'd out.]

Sir Char. Ha, ha, ha, Farewell my good Lord *de la Fool*, Ha, ha, ha——

Guic. 'Twas cunningly acted of the Rogues; but now, Sir *Charles*, what's to be done with the Lady.

Sir Char. Keep her close up till you hear further from me: Take heed of Visitants, and more mad Lords, Doctor; I'll go and prepare her once more for my Son, and put the Case home to her, and her Ingratitude; it may be the Discovery of this Plot, and her small hopes of serving her own Humour, may make her yield to mine: But if she be stubborn,

She shall have Cause to curse each tedious hour,
And know too late by me a Guardian's Power.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Enter Sir Quibble, Stockjobb, and Cunnington.*

Stock. Come, come, 'twas but a Joke, 'twas no more, Faith. Squire *Thomas* seems to be a very honest Gentleman, and a Lover of Business. Prethee Sir *Quibble* come in agen, and take t'other Glas, and so forth.

Sir. Quib. A scandalous Fellow to say I was an Hermaphrodite, to make a Monster, a Devil, I can't tell what of me, to disgrace me before the Ladies: But this shan't get the Heiress from me; I know his drift well enough, it shan't do I'll say't.

Stock. Come, come, prethee, come in agen.

Sir Quib. 'Pray excuse me, Sir, I promis'd my Mother to come home to Supper; and I know her heart goes a pit a pat, if I'm never so little out of her sight, for fear I should be stole or come to any harm; besides I must tell ye plainly, I don't like the Company. I'll drink a Glas here with this honest Gentleman, if you please, but I would not come in agen for a 1000 l.

Stock. Well, my Comical Friend, do you entertain the Knight then, I must go mind my Guests within: Hey, bring some Wine there — [Exit Stockjobb.]

Cunn. This is one of the silly Heiress-stealers, of t'other side, I'll banter the Fool.

Sir Quib. Your Servant, Sir, by your Discourse within, Sir, I perceive that you are a great Traveller.

Cunn.

Cunn. I have seen I tink dis Globe, I mean *Europe, Asia, Africk, Americk*, or so; dat is all.

Sir Quib. That is all indeed, Sir, you must ride upon the Dogs-star, as the mad Song says, if you would see more.

Cunn. Sire, I have seen much more. I have observe too de Globe Celestial; I have been so high as to hang my Hat upon one Horn of de Moon, and have ough de North-Pole vid min Finger.

Sir Quib. With your Finger, Sir, your Servant agen, Sir: Why that's very strange I'll say't.

Cunn. Sir, I have live in de Moon-world some time, de Emperour is de ver proud Monarch, and keep de subject in great awe; de people dere are like de Pigmy, de man's and woman's not half yard high, but generally wise and ver great Politicians.

Sir Quib. Ods diggers, this is a most excellent Fellow; and pray, Sir, don't those Politicians of the Moon take us *English*-Politicians for mad Fellows, hah?

Cun. Yes, truly, dey do tink dat you be all mad indeed.

Sir Quib. Prethee what Women are there? Do they dress their Heads as our Cocking Ladies do here, I wonder.

Cunn. No, no, de woman's dere have no head at all, de face stand vere de Breast should, and de Mouth is de Navel.

Sir Quib. Oh, Lord, there must be strange kissing I'll say't.

Cunn. De Creation was ver wise in dat, no womans is suffer to have head dere, for fear she should plot Mischief.

Sir Quib. Ha, ha, ha, I'll say't an admirable Reason too. But pray, Sir, now lets get down from the Moon a little; and since you have observed all the People and Cities in the World, pray, Sir, when was you last at *London*?

Cunn. Ven de Sun came last Post from de Antipodi dis morning, dis morning.

Sir Quib. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty agen, I'll say't: Why then, ten to one, but you have all the passages of the Town at your Finger's-ends; and, I'll say't, I long to hear 'em. Prethee what do they do at Court now, hah?

Cunn. Why de come, scrape, and look ver sharp, den whisper de friend in de corner, and talk politick one half hour, den oagle *Repas du Roy*, and make ver low Bow, den comb de Peruke, take Snuff, and scrape out agen; dat is all.

Sir Quib. Ha, ha, ha——that's very like a Courtier I'll say't. Come, come, now for the City, what are our Men of Gravity doing?

Cun. Why fait dey follow still dere old Custom——dat is, contrive to sheate one anoder; dey dat have no stock for Trade, make use of de stock of Impudence, and sign Policy to lay Wager, so make four, five sheating Bargain over night, and ver fairly break, and run away next morning.

Sir Quib. Well said agen i'fackins; 'gad this is a plaguy sharp Fellow: But come now, for our Places of Diversion; Prethee how go Humours at the Musick-Meeting and Play-house?

Cun. As for de humour amongst all de rest, I only observe tre sort, dat is, de Beau, de Coquet, and de Fidler: de Beau dere make de fine Song, to shew his Wir; de Coquet say she admire de Beau, but laugh behind his back; de Fidler he perform his Musick; take de Money, and begar laugh at dem both.

Sir Q—. Ha, ha, ha,—Well I'll say't I'll give my Mother the flip some time or other, and go and see the Humours there I'm resolv'd; but come now, for the Play-house.

Cun. Noting, noting; dere is noting dere pour Railery, but de Where and de Critick, and two tre dozen of old musty Orange-Wench dat ride upon your Back while de Musick play.

Sir Q—. Odsdiggers, so they us'd to serve me, I'll say't: Well, but hark'e now, let's be a little serious; — I must know one thing more; heark'e, Do you ever go to Church—pray Friend?

Cun. Umph, Church!

Sir Q—. Ay, ay, Do's Devotion thrive?—I know you must observe something of that too.

Cun. No fait, dere you pose me; for to speak truth, like good Christian, I have not see de inside of one Shurch dis—sixteen year, and-begar I find de Town ver mush of my humour; de People and de Priest make de grand difference; he can say ver little or noting dat dey believe, and dey, Begar, vill do noting vat he advise; so I never trouble de Shurch at all.

Sir Q—. I'll say't, an Admirable Persontoo! Well, dear Signior, you have so much oblig'd me, that if you please to come to my House, you shall find every day a Welcome that——

Enter Tom Romance, hastily.

T. Rom. Why *Cunnington*, *Cunnington*, what a Devil art thou doing? [Speaks entering.

Sir Quib. Is your Name *Cunnington*, Sir?

Cun. Yes 'faith, Sir; But I know I shall be welcome to your House for all that Hah, ha, ha.

T. Rom. Hah, ha, ha,! What has the Hermaphrodite been banter'd agen? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Quib. 'Slid there's some Trick in this; Odsdiggers, come near my house, and I'll fet my Dogs at ye: A Plague, here comes more of 'em; I shall be laugh'd to Death if I stay. I'll say, 'oons *Cunnington*, I should have been robb'd or ravish'd in a weeks time.

[Exit Sir Quibble.

Enter Stockjob.

Cun. You came a little too soon; for I was just going to pump him about the Heirefs.

T. Rom. Phoo, Pox she's secure enough Boy, but I have some fresh play in my head; now *Stockjob's* Wife, ye Rogue.

T. Rom. Here she comes, 'gad take me I'll give her my *Billet doux* presently.

Enter Squeamish and Hotspur, and Mrs. Stockjob.

Squeam. Oh horrid! Cousin, why d'e bring me into all this Company, especially where that Fellow is, for I am certainly inform'd, 'twas that horrid Fellow that writ the last Lampoon upon the Wells.

Mrs. Stock,

Mrs. Stock. Have de patience Cousin, me shall find out dat presently, hark 'e Sir, you damm *English* Pultroon, dare you abuse de Lady, dare you make de damm Lampoon ha?

Cunn. Not I Madam, you are the most mistaken in the World.

Squeam. Not that I value the little malice, but to see the bestiality of the Fellow; I kept my self so resery'd, Cousin, all this Summer to avoid censure, that I refus'd to receive visits from any Man under the Age of sixty nine, nor ever went any whither but to Church, and if they did not Lampoon me for that too, I'm no Christian.

T. Rom. I must get the Rogue off, — 'Gad take me, Madam, I have [*to Mrs. Stockjob*] such a value for your Wit and Beauty, that upon my Honour, I would not deceive you in any thing, and I assure you he is innocent of the matter, therefore let me desire you to turn the discourse, I'll inform you more hereafter.

Mrs. Stock. Ah Monsieur, 'tis impossible for me to doubt a Person of such merit, and so well accomplish'd as your self. Cousin, I am [*too Squeamish*] inform, by dis Gentleman, dat we are under de grand mistake.

Hotsp. She inform'd by that Puppy, then they 're familiar I find. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Stock. Sir, I beg your pardon vid all mine heart, I understand you are de ver ingenious Person, and understand de Ladies affair.

Squeam. Nay, I can't positively affirm he was the Person I confess; I only groundd my suspicion the more solidly, because of his Satyrical Phiz; O horrid! methinks his Face is a meer Lampoon it self.

Stock. Come, come, slapdash, and so forth, let's reconcile all mistakes with a Glas of Wine and a Song, I've a Bowl of Punch ready within too.

T. Rom. There spoke the Soul of the City and so forth, That was done now like a Man of intrigue. [*Puts a Note into Mrs. Stockjob's bosom.*]

T. Rom. My dear, dear Charmer, 'gad take me I've had a passion for ye above this six Months, and if you don't answer my Billet deux there, I shall dye that's certain.

Mrs. Stock. Dis is de ver agreeable Fellow, but I must show de cunning, and not yield too soon, [*Aside.*] — O, fye, fye, Monsieur, I am sure you mistake me I am not de Person, 'tis impossible dat I —

T. Rom. Not the Person, by this dear hand, there's no Person in the World but you, has the power to charm my heart, your Eyes have made me a very. —

Hotsp. A very fop, Rascal, Dogbolt, — come, draw, draw, Buffoon, I'll teach you to be sawcy with Women in my Company.

Stock. Hey, slapdash, what a Plague's the matter now? keep the Peace there, hey day, is the Devil in ye all, and so forth. [*Exit.*]

[*Fight here, and Tom Romance, and Shinken are beaten off, the Women shriek and run out.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Quibble, Frederick, and Quibble.

Fred. Death, and Confusion, *Cunnington*, discover the Plot: Why how was it possible he should come to know it?

Quick. Nay that piece of Witchcraft I am yet to Conjure for, but I can assure you the beating was substantial, and so had the Blanket been too, if some of Sir *Quibbles* Gold, had not bribed off two of the Grooms: but come Sir, take Heart, for though my Brains have taken occasion hitherto to disoblige my Bones a little; I have another Plot left yet, not only to make my revenge perfect upon *Cunnington* not; but to secure you the Lady, for since I have undertaken it, you shall have her, though the great Devil, and all his little Imps conspired against me.

Fred. Pox, what vexes me most is, 'tis grown the Common Town talk already, they have it at the Coffee-house as familiar as the *Gazette*.

Sir Quib. Prethee how didst do to Act the Madman? He say'r, I'd have given a hundred Guineas to have seen thee a little; Prethee how didst look? and what didst say, I wonder? and when did the Lady come in with her Story? and which way, and upon what accompt? and wherefore?

Quick. And wherefore good Sir come away quickly, and fetch the Guineas you promis'd, for I shall have occasion for a Bribe or too, to carry on the Affair: Farwell Sir, I see Company coming, stay. *Exit Sir Quib. and Dog.*

Enter Sophronia with a Book.

Fred. Hah, am I fallen into this Satyrical Devils Clutches too, then I'm like to have a rare Breathing, for I perceive by that malicious Smile with which she mocks her self, that she has heard of this late business; and is as pleas'd I warrant, as prosperous Malice can make a Woman, when she has an opportunity of being reveng'd: Well, I am resolv'd to stand the brunt now, come what will on't, I see she's prepar'd for the Assault, and to beat her out of her Guard, He begin first. What always reading, Madam, still affronting Mankind, by Invading their Province of *To Her.* Knowledge, sye, this is unnatural; a Lady should no more pretend to a Book, than a Sword, neither of 'em are proper for her Sphere of Activity.

Soph. This, only excepted Sir, this is a Treatise proper for all degrees of People, 'tis call'd, Sir, an Hospital for Fools, where the most distemper'd of that sort shall be Cur'd, or at least put into a good way. What think ye Sir, shall I send it ye, you may chance to have some apish humour in your Brain, or some foolish act in your Body, that may want a good remedy.

F

Fred.

Fred. Oh I thank ye, Madam, but must beg your Excuse, to take a Re-
cipe from a Female Physician, to cure a defect in the Brain, that's a good one
Faith: Why that's the way to make a Man stark Mad indeed: And as
for my Body, I had as lieve take an old Purblind Country Nurse, if I had
a mortal Bruise, or Palsie, and I were certain to have the scandal of a Crip-
ple upon me all the days of my life after.

Soph. I don't know what you mean by your Bruise, or Palsie; but con-
sidering your general distemper of Body, 'twould be a greater scandal to
the Nurse, to take ye in hand.

Fred. Very fine, well certainly there is not another so vain a thing in Na-
ture, as a Woman that supposes her self a Wit; she fancies all the World
must truckle to her Wit, and admire her Person, and Wit; tho' the Wit's
as Envious as a Witch, and often as Ugly.

Soph. That might be a fault indeed in the last Age; but in this I never
met with any of your Town Crew, that have Wit enough to cause
Envy.

Fred. If there's any one, Fool enough to Love her, she'll make him a
meer Changeling, and like a little sullen Chit, of five years old, deny her-
self the Moriel she Loves; only to Teize and Vex another, when, at the
same time her mouth waters, and she's ready to starve for Hunger; this
I think touches your Ladyships Copy-hold a little; but much good may't
do ye with your sullen fit, I know you'll get a Husband, and a vast for-
tune by't.

Soph. Well Sir, not to be behind hand with ye, in your Frumps, much
good may do you with your Rich Heriess, you'll get a Wife, and a pro-
digious fortune by her, I hear too.

Fred. Ah Curse on her, I find she knows all.

(*Aside.*)

Soph. For my part, it were unreasonable for me, to expect you to be con-
stant to my small merit, when you had such a tempting Lump as Fifty thou-
sand Pounds to cherish your hopes withal; Fifty thousand Pounds, d'stife,
there's ne're a Beau from *Covent-Garden Church* to the *Tower of London*, but
shall give his litle Corps to the Devil, every hour of the Day for't.

Fred. Nor ne're a Lady that frequents the *Park*, *Play-House*, or the *Mu-
sick-meeting*; but shall marry a thing one degree remov'd from a Baboon
for half as much.

Soph. By which I find Sir, you are not out of hopes, I dare swear you
think your self above one degree remov'd, tho' your last Mad Plot upon the
Heiress has given the world some strange suspitions to the Contrary: on
my Conscience you'll return to me again Sir, you'll have some qualm or
other come over ye shortly; then yet drunk, and with a kind of maudlin
Repentance, come to beg my pardon,

Fred. So far from it, that I rather fear I shall have ye at my Levee every
morning shortly, with a pitiful Petition, imploring my Charity, to be-
stow on ye the remains of Matrimony.

Soph. The remains, Sir, I have Arithmetick enough to know, that take
nothing from nothing, and there remains nothing: Besides a Married Town
Beau

Beau keeps always a Misers Table, there is so little for his own Family, that he'll never get thanks, or a blessing from any one that shall expect his remains, take that from me Sir.

Fred. Very well Madam, rally on, rally on, and enjoy your Wit. You have my free leave, whilst I Enjoy *Phobia*, and fifty thousand Pounds, and so farewell; and, d'sdeath, such another full thrust and I were gone to all Intents and Purposes. (Exit. Fred.)

Soph. He's gone, and tears my Heart-strings as he goes,
Whilst I have only the poor Consolation
Of a feign'd Mirth, to hide my real Sorrow;
For still I Love this base ingrateful Wretch,
False as he is, and full of all the Mischiefs of his Sex.
I love him still, and have no Peace without Him;
But can I Love a Man that scorns my Love;
That poorly offers up Wit, Beauty, Merit,
A Trophy to the sordid Idol, Money;
Can I Love such a Man, and own it too;
No, I will rather Poyson, Stab, or Drown;
Revenge my self, on my unlucky self:
Do a thing Barbarous beyond my Sex.
Rather than this base Man shall know I Love him.

*Eyes dry, dry your Tears, and keep the Secret in,
Whatever grief I feel, let none be seen,
Tho the strong Passion ne're so powerful grow,
He Choak with Love, rather than let him know.*

(Exit.)

End of the Third Act.

F 2

ACT.

A C T. I V. Scene 1st.

Enter Mrs. Sockjobb and Squeamish.

Squeam. Come, Come Cousin, you must give me leave to tell ye, I understand an Intreague as well as an older Person, to let a young Hectorly Fellow, shew he has so much command over ye, as to dare to quarrel, and expose ye in Company. Oh filthy, it shews a familiarity too sawcy for Civil Conversation; I hope Cousin you have not been particular with the Fellow.

Mrs. Stock. Vat you mean by dat Cousin, vat is particular.

Squeam. Oh horrid, I hope you wont put me to the Fatigue of a Blush, by telling the Nauseous meaning, that were to deserve to be Lampoon'd indeed; when a Man is particular with a Woman, I think there is no great need of a *Sophist* to explain the meaning.

Mrs. Stock. Vel, Vel, Pox take the particular, dat is all one, I assure you I have don vid him now, and vill encourage that fine young Gentleman, dat talk and bow, and rally so vel *en Francois*; me no endure de Huff de Bounce, de brutal way of Love no longer. Dear Monsieur Romance, is all French, all Talk, all Air, all Gallantry, and de oder Gentleman dat speak de Welch is ver fine person too, who I presume Cousin has de extreame inclination to have de Intreague vid you.

Squeam. An Intreague with me, Oh filthy Fellow, that's a worser abuse than any has been yet put upon me, for he's the veriest Fop in Nature.

Mrs. Stock. Fop, Oh *Mon dieu*! vat and worth twenty thousand Pounds, dats impossible! Oh, he is de ver fine Person, and has the greatest tender for you Cousin.

Squeam. Oh fogh, I shall be Lampoon'd about him in a Weeks time, ile lay my Life on't: Oh horrid, ile go and lock my self up; But are you sure he's worth twenty thousand Pounds Cousin. (*Changing Tone.*)

Mrs. Stock. Assurement, and vill make good settlement, vich is ver much as times go.

Squeam. See here dey come vid Monsieur Stockjobb, who I have wheedle so, and make such great Fool, that he vill believe nothing against me vich my oder cast of Coxcomb say.

Enter Stockjobb, Holspurr, T. Romance, Shinkin, and Singers with a Bowl of Punch.

Stockj. Come, Come, Let's have no brawling nor quarrelling, but sit down lovingly together, and help off with the Bowl, and so forth; what *Pogry*,
my

my Dear, my Fawn, my Pricket, — and my Cousin *Sisse* too; Hey, slap-dash, we'll all sit down too't Faith.

Mrs. *Stockj.* — Vat you please *Dicky*, ven de Husband Command de Wife must alway be Obedient, dat is but Reason.

Stock. — Come Squire *Thomas*, and my *Welsh* Friend, Pray sit round, Here's some Honest Friends of mine will give us a Catch in three Parts; Cousin *Sisse*, Prithee sit down, and so forth.

Squeam. Oh horrid! Cousin, would you have me give such occasion to be Lampoon'd, as to sit drinking filthy Brandy amongst Men?

Stock. Filthy Brandy; Twelve Shillings a Gallon, by this Hand, and will certainly be the best Commodity in the whole Kingdom shortly, — Harkee, *Sisse*, such another Word, and if there be a Lampoon to be got in Christendom, and so forth, I'll get one for thee.

Shink. According to *Shinkins* Observations, this is not Prandy, look you, but Punch, which is fery goot to raise Floods, and cause Plushes, and Pewtys in fair Ladies, look you, therefore pray you sit down, I pray you now.

Squeam. Nay, Pray Sir, — Oh Lord, — Nay, if you will force me, What shall I do? I am so ashamed, well if I do, I'll swear I'll drink in my own Cup then, — Go, *Ponade*, and fetch it, it holds three quarters of a Spoonful just.

T. Rom. Dear Madam, Let me be happy with your sweet Hand (To Mrs. *Stock.*

Hotsp. You, — *Poltroone*,

(Takes her from him.

Mrs. *Stock.* Vat aile de Ruffian, — (To *Holspurr.*) — Monsieur, I am your most devoted.

(To T. Romance.

Hotsp. His most devoted, Oh rare Jilt, dee fleer Dog-bold, I shall have your Nose anon.

(Enter *Ponade*, with a very little Cup.)

Stock. Come, Come, Slap-dash, No more grumbling *With*, but take your Cup, and then let's have the Catch, and so forth.

(They sit down.

Why, Cousin *Sisse*, What hast got there, an Acorn Cup? why a Flea may drink off that, prethee take one of ours, and so forth. (Strikes the Cup out of her Hand.)

Squeam. Oh horrid, not for the World, the quantity of this is enough to suffocate my Spirits, as I am a Virgin.

Hear a Catch, in three parts, in praise of Punch.

Stock. By the Lord Mayor, very well perform'd Boys, T holl, Loll, Loll, ah dickins take it, it won't do now, yet I could have Sung my *Sol, Fa*, when I was a Batchelour purely Faith, — but these Wives, — these Wives, spoil all our Parts; Come, Here's Prosperity to the City and Trade.

(*Holspurr* rises up, and goes behind Mrs. *Stockj.*

T. Rom. And as I was saying Madam.

(To Mrs. *Stockj.*

Hotsp. And as I was saying before Madam.

(Pulling her from him.

Mrs. *Stook.* Sir, I have nothing to say to you, you are strangely troublesome, (To *Hotspurr.*)

Dat

Dat last agen, I beseech you Monsieur.

(To T. Romance.)

Stock. Who leaves his Place there, *Will. Hotspur*, What a Plague dost stand brooding upon my Wife there for, prithee come and take thy Cup, and let the Squire alone, he has business with her, and so forth.

Hotsp. Business with her, Here's a damn'd Cuckoldly Son of a Whore, and

(To Squeamish.)

Shink. When her is in Wales, look you, her could drink very goot Metheglins with her Cousin *Cadwalader*, at the Three Red Herrings and Green Leeks in Monmouth; but now since her saw you, her Heart has done nothing but thump, thump, and then her does sigh so sadly, Hey ho! (sighs so that if her is obdurates and cruels, and will not love *Shinkin*, why then, alas, there is now way for her, look you, but Hey ho! (Hotspur teizes Mrs. Stockjobb, she rises, and call out her Husband.)

Squeam. Love, Oh horrid! the very word is enough to fright me into an Apoplexy, would he would marry me, tho' as I'm a Virgin. (aside.)

Mrs. Stock. By this Hand, I believe I could make Monsieur lay forty Wager, and buy Stock every hour, if it were not for dat rude Fellow dat come and disturb us.

Stock. Sayst thou so, Slapdash, Gad if I had known that, he should have found this way to the Door before now, an uncivil Person to come to a Citizens Table and be well entertain'd, and yet ungratefully endeavour to hinder Business, — An idle Scoundrel, to stop the Source, the Life-blood of the City, Trade, — Gad I'll complain to my Lord Mayor immediately.

Hotsp. Now has that French Devil told some Lye or other of me, I'll lay my Life, Harkee Dick, art thou so very blind, as not to see thy self abused.

Stock. Yes, Yes, Sir, I do see my self abused, — and so forth, — Squire Thomas, prithee come hither, Lookee, *Pogry* has inform'd me, ye are a very ingenious Person, and love Business, Lookee, what she does I'll stand to, therefore pray go and Discourse her, she's at your Service.

Hotsp. Oh Witall Coxcomb, what does he mean. (Hotspur goes to binder com, and Stockjobb interposes.)

Stock. Pray, Sir, no interruption.

Hotsp. 'Dsdeath, to say publickly thy Wife's at his Service.

Stock. Upon the Score of Trade Sir, and so forth, I know what I do, I warrant you.

Hotsp. The Devils grin at me, I have no Patience, Scoundrel, hands off. (binders him agen.)

Stock. Slapdash, hold her fast Squire Thomas, I give my Authority, why this is a breach both of our Charter and Customs; that a Citizen of London shan't have the Priviledge to dispose of his own Wife, for a Hectorly Fellow of t'other end of Town; Gad I'll complain to my Lord Mayor, the first thing I do.

Shink. To take the Wife from the Husband, before his Face, is more than you can justifie, *Williams*, that is very true.

Hotsp. Thou art a fery Afs, Pox on thee for a crack'd Welch Harp, Hold your jarring, or —

Hotsp.

Stock. No, No, I'll take a Course for this hereafter; In the mean time *Pogry*, since this rude Masterless Companion disturbs us here, my Chamber within is private, there you may settle Affairs, and so forth; Go, go in with her Squire *Thomas*, and because no body shall disturb ye, I'll lock ye up de see.

Hotsp. Dileheart, I shall run mad, why dolt, Madman, wilt thou lock her up with him too. (Stock. locks 'em in.)

Stock. Upon the Score of Trade, and so forth, I'll show for once the Husbands Priviledge, without your leave Sir.

Hotsp. Trade, Ay there is a rare Trade going forward; Oh intollerable Cuckold!

Stock. Come Sir, you are a Scandalous t'other end of Town Fellow, and my Lord Mayor shall know it; you shall know that a Citizen of *London* understands what's proper for Business: Cousin *Sisse*, take you your Gentleman into another Room; nay, nay, no Squeamish trick now, but go, since ye are molested here, I will have Business go forward in a place that's proper.—Go, go you after Sir, I'll be with ye anon. (pushes 'em in.)

Hotsp. Ay, ay, There's the Trade going forward too, this is Stockjobbing with a Vengeance.

Stock. *Pogry* will draw her Fool into some devise or other, I am sure, and now I have finished this Affair so discreetly, I'll leave this Hector to chew the Cud by himself, and go and drink a Dish of Coffee with a good Neighbour, a Common Council-man, and Brother Stockjobber. (Exit. looking scornfully on Hotspur.)

Hotsp. Solus. A Curse on your City Understanding, and Destruction seize that Jilt; that tortures me with Love, tho I resolve to hate her, — damnd infamous Creature, that Yesterday, as common as a Hireling, would have met my Appetite half way, and cherish'd it, now taken with a young pert noisie Coxcomb, deserts me without Blushing; but this senseless Wittall, her Husband, shall know, what a Snake he Fosters, before I have done with him.

*And whilst his City Jobbing he's pursuing,
I'll shew him where's another Jobb a doing.*

Enter Quickwitt dressed like a Quaker, and Marmalet after him.

Quick. So, I think there's none of the Quaking Fraternity but will own I have mimick'd their Dress well, and play but thy part right Child, that we may revenge our selves upon this *Cunnington* that has so abused us, and tho I may chance to be no Duke, I'll be a King to thee in my good will, my Love Child shall be beyond all Titles and Preferment.

Marm. Ah sweet Mr. *Quickwit*, the Rascal has asked my Pardon since, but I shall never forgive him for it; for, will you believe me, I have cryed about that Business till I have been as wet as if I had been dipp'd in a Pail of Water, to think that I should lift up my Hand against——

Quick.

Quick. Well, well, 'tis all forgot.

Marm. To dare Cudgel the Man that —

(Weeps.)

Quick. Well, well, 'twas all Accident, prithee no Tears.

Marm. The Man I love so tenderly —

(Weeps)

Quick. Enough, prithee enough, — I believe thee.

Marm. So tenderly, so very tenderly —

Quick. A Pox o' your Tendemels, There is no Plague under Heaven to tormenting as one of these old Cats, when she pretends to make Love; come, prithee no more of this Foolery Child, but let us go on with our Plot upon *Cunnington*; Let me see what's the Quakers Name that I'm to Act.

Marm. Zechiel, And't please ye Sir, my old Lord *Fulworths* Steward, my Mistresses Father.

Quick. Zechiel, very good, and one that you say has been trusted with all the Writings of her Estate.

Marm. He has indeed, at whose House, Sir *Charles* (having found her as he thinks a little more pliant to his Sons Addrels) intends to meet her this Afternoon, to discourse about the Marriage, and to that purpose has given that Letter you have there to *Cunnington* to show the Doctor, who upon sight of it is to deliver my Lady to him, and a Note for fifty Guineas, which Sir *Charles* has ordered him.

Quick. Then you are sure *Cunningman* has seen this Letter.

Marm. Yes, An't please ye, and is merry beyond measure about his success of out-witting you, he left it with me only whilst he is gone to disguise himself like a Quaker, for in no other Habit will Zechiel admit any one into his House, I expect him every Minute.

Quick. Ay, ay Child, Let him come now as soon as he pleases, we are prepared for him; and I think I am as much a Quaker as himself, or the Devil's in Iron-Gray, the rest remains in thee to follow my Instructions, do but this Business neatly, and as for the other Business, thou worst of.

Marm. Ah Dear Sir, I swear you bring my Heart up to my very Mouth, I vow you do now, and I warrant ye Sir, for my part I've my Cue perfectly.

Quick. First then, instead of this Letter of Sir *Charles*, give him this of mine Child, to carry to the Doctor, 'tis sealed with a Wafer like it, and the Hand is Counterfeited, I'm sure, so exactly, 'tis impossible for him to discover that, then for the Contents let them operate at leisure.

Marm. With all my Heart Sir, and I rejoice from my very Soul that I can do any thing to pleasure you, and be revenged of him; Hark, here he comes, away Sir to your Closet, and when we go, be pleased to follow us, and you shall find me punctual to the least particular.

Quick. Do it but Cunningly, and if thou art a Maid by to Morrow Night, why then say, —

Marm. Ah sweet Sir, I understand ye to a Scruple, and Heaven bless ye; well I swear, — now my Hearts at my Mouth agen.

(Exit Dogget and Marm.)

Enter

Quick. Hah, hah ha ha. I have been laughing at my self above this half hour, to see what a Figure I am; I have been Agent in a great many Intreagues in my life time, but never had any yet like this; this is a Master-piece, a piece of Wit like *Hains*; for here have I insinuated my self so far into this grave Fool, *Sr. Charles*, by my subtle discovery of the last time that he has trusted me in this Habit, to prepare the Old *Quaker* about the Writings, and afterwards to bring the Heiress her self to him—to him! Ha ha ha ha, there's the Jest now; and to receive as a Reward fifty Guinea's, ha ha ha! Alas poor shallow Knight! little does he think what's hatching in this Brain of mine: for, what will I do now? but instead of carrying her to him, keep her my self, and make her Marry me, or Compound swingeingly, which is all one; there's Wit now! ha, ha ha, there's Mischief! Gad I love Mischief dearly: And when I have had her three or four Nights, let her hang me afterwards if she can, or any one else for me.

[*Call Quickwitt.*

Enter Marmalett.

Marm. Come Sir, are ye ready? the Doctor's just gone home,—blefs me, to see how Clothes will disguise one! Why? you look like a meer *Ananias*.

Cunning. Ha, ha, ha, don't I? Methinks I am filled with the out-goings of the over-flowings, of the Bowel-yernings, and for the humh, and hah! [*in a Cant.* Let me alone. Come give me the Letter, and be assur'd, tho' I Jok'd a litte the last time, yet I'll not fail to bring a better Business about, e're long for thee.

Marm. Well, well Sir; go and dispatch your own first.

Cunning. An Heiress, and fifty thousand Pounds! Gad I'm a lucky Dog, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*

Reenter Quickwitt.

Quick. Here's a rare Rogue for ye; had not I discovered the Plott, he had betrayed his Trust, and got the Heiress for himself; but as things go, will miss of his aim damnably: Now for my Quaking Faculty I must make one amongst 'em.

[*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Fulvia and Christopher.

Fulv. Oh Love! How many strange, and different ways
Dost thou disturb the Quiet of our Minds?
If amongst all the Race of Male Deceivers,
With Curious search we chance to find out one,
That we can fancy Honest; some cross Doubt
Straight fills us, with a fear he may prove Haggard,
And then, Alas! we split against a Rock.
That ruins us for ever: I dreamt last Night,
Frederick was False, Sordid and Mercenary:
And that he only lov'd me for my Fortune;
I give no credit to sleeps Idle Whimsies:
But yet it strangely troubles me — now *Christopher*.
VWhat Noise is that within?

G

Christo.

Christo. And't please ye, some new Lunaticks last Night brought hither.

Fulvia. Prithee what are they.

Christo. A spindle-legg'd French Taylor; That ever since the VVars, being at a loss how to get New Fashions for his whimsical Customers, Fatigu'd his Brain so much, that he grew craz'd upon it.

Christo. A superannated Maid of threescore and three; who being promised Marriage by a young Fellow of one and twenty, at the very Concept on't ran Mad for Joy.

Fulvia. Alas for her well who else?

Christo. A Covent-Garden Beau, who being obliged to make a Song upon his Mistresses Paraquite, and sitting up three Days and three Nights, not being able to produce one tolerable Thought at the Concept of losing her Favour, lost the small remainder of his own Senses.

Fulvia. So, what more?

Christo. A kept Miss, who being discarded by her resenting Lord, fell distracted, not for the loss of my Lord, but for her five pound a VWeek.

Fulvia. Go on.——

Christo. A Vintner whom his Customers had poisoned with making him taste his own VVine——besides a Quaker who is now coming in here with my Master, of whom he'll give a better account himself.

Enter Guicam, with a Letter, Cunnington and Marmalett.

Cun. I hope Dr. you need no further satisfaction in the truth of my Commission; be pleas'd therefore to let the Lady get ready with all possible speed, and the Note too for the fifty Guinea's; I shall have present occasion for

Guic. Very well, Sir, I understand ye——*Christopher*—— [whispers.

Cunning. *Christopher*! what has *Christopher* to do in the Business? This is a strange, Old Formal Coxcomb: He cannot blow his Nose without his Man——Doctor, I must desire you to be as speedy as you can; for I've another part to act, as you may perceive by my Habit: And what a Character Sir *Charles* gives me, I suppose you find in the Letter.

Guic. Yes, Sir; yes; he has given ye a notable Character: here indeed, *Christopher*, go presently, and bid the Barber come hither to shave his Head.

Cunning. Your Servant Doctor; no Faith; that will be a Courtesy a little unseasonable at present, by reason of my haste.

Guic. Alas, Poor Fellow! yet stay a little *Christopher*, where is his Master? Let him be call'd in First.

Cunning. My Master——

Marm. He is at the door an't please you; I'll go and fetch him; alas! I'll run Ten Miles on my bare Feet, to do the poor fellow any good.

Cun. Hey day! is she bewitched too? what a Plague do they mean? come, come Doctor, the Note quickly; and Madam Pray dispatch, I've a world of business to do, before Night yet.

Fulv. 'Dsilfe! this is the most comical fellow, I ever saw.

Guic. Oh! the delirium is very strong upon him; d'e hear *Christopher*? bid your fellows make haste to strip him, and get ready the Canvass shap, that he may have nothing to tear; and a pair of the strongest Fetters for his Leggs; d'e

He hear? For Sir Charles informs me here, he is by fits very outrageous.

Cun. Fits, and outrageous? the Devil's in 'em all, sure: I know what's in the Letter well enough — come, come, this is no time for Jokes; Sir Charles will be impatient till the Lady comes, ye trifle, ye trifle, 'dsdeath! I should have bin with him by this time.

Guine. This is a very Rogue, but Ile manage him presently.

[aside.]

Fulv. Here's like to be good sport if it holds.

Guine. The Letter says too, he will be very Mischievous towards the Change o'th' Moon, which is this Evening, but that's no great matter, I can disable him from that by a good Whipping: He shall have 300 lashes upon the Belly.

Cunning. The Devil, I shall, — 'dsheart how I tremble — nay, nay, if you pursue the Banter, and intend to affront Sir Charles, there's no more to be said, I must Inform him, and there's an end on't; But that Letter to my knowledge says otherwise: I'm sure I read it this Morning, the most sweet, Civil Complementary thing on my side that ever was penn'd.

Guine. No doubt on't, Sir, no doubt on't: Can you read? *[gives him the Letter]*

Cunning. Read; Ha, ha, ha! what a Pox does he take me for one of the Black-guard? This Coxcomby Doctor's craz'd himself, Ile be hang'd else — read! yes, yes, you shall find I can read,

Guine. Proceed then.

Cunning. Doctor, 'tis proper that I let you know, I have made another discovery of a Plott; to carry off the Lady you have in Custody. This Rogue, that I send here with this Letter.

Reads the Letter aloud.

Guine. Go on, Sir, go on: I perceive you can read admirably, *(being one of the Principal Contrivers, — this is VVitchcraft.* I cannot believe my own Eyes.

** Reads.*

Fulvia. Really as you say, Doctor; for a Crazed Person, the Man reads to a miracle.

Cunning. VVhat Craz'd Person, Madam? 'dsdeath! I shall run Mad indeed, if this trade hold.

Guine. Come Sir, to the next Paragraph.

Cunning. He was formerly a Sharper, and whither he be mad or no; I desire you to use him as such, for he's one of the greatest Rascals in the whole VVorld, — as his Master will better inform thee: — oons my Mr. agen.

Reads.

Guine. Sir Charles gives ye a notable Character, you see Sir.

Cunning. 'Dsheart Doctor! 'tis all Villany, Witchcraft, Conjuraction; I'm abus'd.

Guine. The Fetters quickly, Christopher, he begins to Rave, oh! here's his Master.

Enter Quickquit Mimicking, a Quaker and Marmalett.

Cunning. Death, and Hell! what Son of a Whore's this — I'm at my Witts end.

Guine. Come Friend, you must inform the Nature of his Madness, that I may Minister accordingly.

Quick. Plainly, since that ungodly season, that I first perceived that the Spirit of truth was departed from him, I relinquish'd him, often seriously pondering upon his State of Reprobation, which plainly I find is worthy be Comiserated by all the Brethren and Sisters of the faithful.

Cunning. Oh! Rogue, I know him now, — Doctor y'are abus'd, Imposed

upon, trick'd, this is no more a Quaker then I am. This is an Arch Cheat this is—

Quick. Aw Satan, Satan! great, great, is thy power.

[*Bawls in a loud Canting Tone.*]

Gniac. He Raves again, take hold of him, and stop his mouth there.

Quick. The Tempter is very powerful in him, he turneth and windeth him which way he listeth, he goeth into his mouth like a Ratt with a great Head and a long Tayle, and exalteth his voice within, in Curses and Exclamations hum! give me the Engine Woman with which we used to resist the Tempter.

Marm. Here 'tis an't please ye; put this into his mouth — and Satan can have no Power.

[*they gag him here.*]

Quick. Plainly, I have bin informed he hath bin trained up in the School of Sin vulgarly called the Play House, where the Devil Adorneth himself with toys and trappings, where the Ears are misinformed and the Eyes misled, where the frail Son of Man careffeth the Woman inordinately, where he tempteth her to Midnight Gluttony; and whispereth into her unhallowed things.

[*Marmalett whispers* Fulvia.

Fulvia. My Heart is ready to leap out to thee for Joy, for he do's it so Naturally 'tis impossible he should be discovered, — how the Fool the Doctor looks too?

[*Aside.*]

Quick. Moreover, observe, how outrageously the old Dragon teareth him.

[*Struggles.*]

Gniac. Ay, ay, tis time to begin, — away with him, and give him the Lashes I ordered.

Quick. Plainly it behooveth thee Well, that the Spirit of Truth may once more return; and the old Man be rooted out, — now Rogue I think I'm even with thee — — —

[*aside to — — — who kicks and strives to speak*

Quick. Aw — — — Satan, Satan, great is thy Power. [*Bawls out aloud and is hurried out.*] But now, to the remaining part of my Charge, I am to Conduct a Woman from hence, a sinful Woman as it appeareth to me, who causeth with her transitory Wealth and Beauty, strange Appetites, Boylings and Fermentings in the Heart of Man.

Gniac. Well Friend, no more enlarging upon that Subject; here is Sir Charles's Order in this Letter, who it seems is at a Garden-House here hard by; therefore Madam—you had best make haste; you need no disguise but your Masque, for he says there is a private back way to't which this honest Man has only knowledge of.

Quick. Plainly, thou sayest it.

Fulvia. Was there ever so admirable a Fellow? I'm scarce able to contain my self from laughing out.

[*Aside.*]

Quick. Come, young VWoman, and let thy steps be guided soberly: Give me thy Carnal hand; hah! verily it is exceeding white, and hath an alluringness in the Palm thereof, which is, as it were, provoking: Hah! this is it now, which stroaketh the Forehead of Transgression till it become Masterless, and girdeth us into the Labyrinth of Misconstruction, from whence we seldom or never come forth our selves.

[*Exit, leading Fulvia.*]

Gniac. What an odd sort of a Canting Rascall's this? and what a do's here with one Woman that has Mony? gad I've a Daughter of my own at home has sat pricking upon a clout at home this Seven Years, and no one has come to her,

her, but an Attorney's Clark, and City Groser; when this here is beset with all degrees, Ages and Religions—well, 'twill be always so; and where the Honny is, there will the Gnatts, Flyes, and Insects be buzzing together, — *Christopher* — my Cloak, — I'll take a little Air, and then see how — the Wedding goes forward. [Exit.]

S C E N E

Enter T. Romance and Shinkin.

T. Rom. Gad take me, this was the most Comical adventure that ever the City was famous for, to lock us up with his Wife, and Neice upon the score of Trade: why? 'tis an Action ought to be known to Posterity and worthy to be Chronicled in the City Annalls.

Shink. Her Cousin *Siss*, was fery familliar too when her was alone; there was no pish, nor fye, nor pray be quiet, look you — only some little frowns and repukes, put fery kind looks for all that *St. Davy*.

T. Rom. If I had not bin obliged to meet my Father here, I would not have left my little French woman this two hours, but he is so hot upon't to make me Marry this Heireffe, that he spoyles my humour of Intreaguings quite, gad take me.

Shink. Pray you see, where he comes yonder with the Lady that they call the crete Witt of *Richmond*, she that talks, and discourses, and Jeeres, and laughs, and makes Fools of all the Town by *Cadwallader*.

Enter Sir. Charles and Sophronia.

T. Rom. By this Light, she's a rare Creature: 'dsheart I'm in Love with her up to the Ears already; why? she's finer than my little French Woman by half: ay Gad or my Lords Daughter either, or my Wife that is to be; or my Knights Lady at Cue; or Jenny in *Lumbard Street*; or my Widdows Daughter; or my Semstrefs, my Chambermaid or any of 'em: I'll write her a Bilet deux immediately, Gad take me.

Shink. Hey Gadsplutt! her will have more Women than the crete Turk has at this Rate, look you.

Sr. Char. Yonder's my Son, Madam; and I am very glad to find you so well dispos'd, to the Marriage between him and your Kinswoman; for tho she has lately entertain'd some volatile Humours, which Youth may very well Excuse: Yet the Principall Verbs, her Witt and Vertue, so far counterpoise that.

Soph. Her Estate you mean, *Sir Charles* does so far Counterpoise that——

S. Char. That the Candor of my Nature obliges me to dislike all other offers for him that are not possessed with her——

Soph. With her——Land and Houses.

Sr. Char. Good Qualities, Madam, having bin since my Noble Lords Death, her Father, a true honourer of her for her Extraction, merit and——

Soph. And Money; is not that a Principall Verb too, *Sir Charles*?

T. Rom. A delicate Rogue; what an Air and Shape she has? Cousin, Rise prithee turn about a little. *[Takes out Pen, Ink and Paper, and writes on Shinkin's Back]*

Sr. Char. Money, Madam! What the dirty Slave of our Conveniency? She has hit it to a hair, gad for all that; *[aside.]* can any Morall Man that has his Reason, build his Content on such a Trifle.

Soph. Oh Sir, take this from me, since the Golden Age, the World has lost those Moral Men you speak of: Money is now the Soul o'th Universe: The States=

States-man, Commoner, and Country-man, Philitian, Lawyer, Cittizen, Priest, greedily dam their own for't every day ; the man that's Rich must be accomplish'd too, his Apish Tricks are Gentleman like Carriage, his silly Speeches called re-fine and Witty, if he be Prodigal they stile him generous, if Coverous, a close, wise wary fellow, if he detracts or Lyes, he's a fine Courtier, if Blaspheinous, a Witt, if finnickal a Beau, if drunk, he's then a merry Jolly Fellow, or if unmanly Lewd a Rare Companion.

T. Rom. Ah that dear Sweet little Honey prating Tongue, — would I had it a little here, and if a stranger may have priviledge to affirm his passion ; very good, gad take me. [Reads his Paper, and writes again.]

Shink, I pray you now Cousins make haste, for her has an Intreague too, look you, her has promised to meet her Cousin Sifs, at seven Precisely.

Sir Char. If Mony has these flourishing attributes Madam, what then must vertue have the chiefest good.

Soph. Faith, just, quite contrary, for vertue Sir is generally poor, and Poverty can give no Bribe for Praise, the virtuous Man that's poor, must be a Fool, a wretched sort of an uncurrant Coyn, that few or none will deal with ; Tho he be wise, his best opinion is thought ignorance, his talk rediculous, his Person hated, he still fares worst, yet pays the dearest for it ; has he a cause at Law ? it shall be lost, has he a Claim in Love ? he shall be Jilted, his Ingenuity is worse than Witchcraft, and every venial Error past forgiveness.

T. Rom. And if I Love ye not better than both my Eyes, may Reads. I be poysoned like a Ratt at your Chamber door and be accompted the verriest Son of Whore in the World, instead of your most passionatly devoted most humble, and most obsequious Slave, *Thomas Romance.* gad take me, there I came off like an Angel.

Sir Char. What a Devil is he making mouths at yonder, how now *Tom* what are you doing there ?

T. Rom. 'Ds life if he sees it I'm ruined ; nothing Sr. I'm only casting up a Taylors Bill a little, that the Rogue mayn't cheat me. [aside.]

Sir Char. A Taylor's Bill, prithee leave of those trifles and prepare to entertain your Mistress whom I expect here instantly : with all you ought to thank this Lady too, her kinswoman, who gives ye her good liking.

T. Rom. Her good liking, gad, would I had it upon her own score ; now what would I give that it were sealed ? this were a Rare time to clap it into her hand. [aside.]

Soph. That he has Sir. *Charles*, he may assure himself, or any one else so that Traitor *Frederick* be disappointed, — let me but frustrate his design and let the rest fall ou't, as fortune pleases. [aside.]

Enter Guicam.

Guic. Sir *Charles* here ? they have dispatched their business very quickly I see.

Sir Char. Oh Doctor ! welcome ; y'are come in Admirable time, but where's my Daughter ?

Guic. I hope she's not far of Sir, you are a better guardian than to trust her in ill hands.

Sir Char. Therefore, I recommended her to yours — where, where, is she ?

Guic. Ha, ha, ha, this is fine merriment, why Sir ? I desire to know, and whether she seems pleased since I sent — her to ye ?

Sir Char. Sent her to me ! 'dsdeath, what do's he mean.

Guic.

Guic. Nay, what do you mean then? fye, fye, *Sir Charles*; am I a subject fit to make a Jest on?

Sir. Char. Thou makest me Mad, to hear thy Ridling; I sent for her by *Cunnington*, dressed like a Quaker, who was to bring her to Old *Zechiell*, her Fathers Steward, where we have waited long, but no one came.

Guic. Why Sir? I gave her to that Quaker, and obeyed the orders in your Letter here, for Punishing the Impostor, that had contrived to steal her.

[Gives him the Letter.

Sir Char. Impostor, what Impostor? here's some Trick by Heaven.

Soph. Read, Read the Letter, oh Confusion! how my Heart beats?

Sir Char. Trick'd, Ruin'd, Cheated, abus'd; this is none of my Letter, nor any of my orders; some subtil Devil has Counter-feited *Cunnington*, and on my life carried her off to *Frederick*.

Soph. Destruction seize the World; to *Frederick* did ye say, to *Frederick*?

Sir Char. It must be so, he has doubtless given her to that other *Cunning* Rogue, and punished him: I sent for a feigned mischief.

Guic. What e're has chanc'd is Fortunes fault not mine; that *Quickwit* is the Devil, and can A& in such variety of Shapes, Hell cannot balk his Cunning.

T. Rom. Very fine; so I perceive I am like to lose my Heirefs again; but tis no great matter, for I've another new Intreague, and thats all one to me, gad take me.

Shink. Here is such Cousining, and Cheats, and Tricks, that *Shinkin* knows not what to make on't by *St. Davy*.

Soph. Torture and Death; this is the greatest Plague, the feinds could e're Invent to vex my Soul: he has her now and without doubt laughs at me.

T. Rom. Hey, mettle to the back too, — gad take me, Ile warrant her.

Guic. The Fifty Guineas too, no doubt are paid by this time: this was a damn'd subtil Rogue.

Soph. Nay never hide thy self, take one good with first; may thy dull resty Age increase diseases, the Palsy, Gout, Snattica, and Stone, and have no better Doctor than thy self, as for the Attributes of Fool and Cuckold, I need not grace thee with 'em; those thou hast already, but mayst thou have none but Saylers Wives for Patients, and those so Raving Mad that in their Fits each one may long to have a peice of thee, and Tear thee as the Thracians, once did *Orpheus*, or I could now, thou Paralitick insect.

[to *Guicacum*, shakes him by the Collar.

Enter Cunningham with a Quarterstaff, his Face all smutty, and he dressed in Canvas.

Cunning. O Villain! Dog, Doctor, are you there? I'll knock his Head off.

Guic. More Mischief yet! I shall be murder'd now, that's certain.

Sir Char. How, this! is't possible? What, my Friend *Cunnington*? nay if he were not an old Coxcomb, thou shouldest have thy penny-worths out of him; that's certain, for we perceive he deserves it richly; but prithee how gott'st thou off; I was just sending to thee.

Cunning. Why, as good luck would have it, just before they had time to Chain me, I made shift to climb up the Chimney; what kicks and Buffets I've endur'd for—you shall know at more leisure: I have only now Breath and time

time to tell ye, that if you follow me quickly, you may recover the Heireſſe again. [Speaks as out of Breath.]

Sir Char. Hah, — what ſay'ſt thou ?

Soph. Oh thou bleſt Angel of a Fellow, go on.

Cunning. From the top of the Chimney, as I was trying to get down, caſting my Eye to the Ground, I ſaw a fine ſort of a Fellow, but that Rogue in a Quakers habit, with Sir Quibble and Frederick leading your Daughter croſs a Gravel Walk into an Arbor.

Soph. And haſt thou marked the place, thou Charming Creature ?

Cun. Moſt carefully.

Soph. Hah ! and ſhall we get her ? ſpeak, ſpeak, thou pretious.

Cunning. I tell ye, ye ſhall.

Soph. What from Frederick ? hah ! what ſay'ſt thou ? ſpeak quickly thou Cherubin.

Cunning. Oons from Frederick ? from all 'em : ye little Brisk pretty Black-ey'd — what a pox, will ſhe Ravish me ?

Sir Char. Thanks Fortune, that was unexpected.

Cun. Which you ſhould never have known if I could have carried her off my ſelf. [aſide.]

Sir Char. Let's away inſtantly and fetch the Conſtable and Watch ; come, Tom, and Couſin.

Soph. Oh Heaven ! this is the happieſt turn. [Exeunt.]

Guic. For me it is upon a double Score,

I elſe had loſt one Member, if no more. [Exit.]

S C E N E. 4.

Enter Sir Quibble, Fulvia, Dogget and Marmalett

Fred. This is the happieſt moment of my Life. [Embracing Fulvia.]

Sir Quib. And mine too, I'll ſay't. [Embracing her too.]

Fulvia That was a very cloſe hugg ; the Knight out-does ye Sir Extremely in his Carreſſes. [to Fred.]

Fred. Is not the Parſon come yet ? dull heavy fellow, how can he loyter ſo.

Sir. Quib. Ay, what's his Name, pray Brother when is he to come, and what is he doing all this while.

Fred. Ridiculous queſtions ! what ſhall I do with him Tom ?

Quick. I don't know the Fool begins to ſmell the Trick and grows Impertinent upon't.

Fulvia You muſt diſcover the truth to him, for he's ſo brisk upon me, theres no enduring him.

Sir Quib. Why then, Madam ? I'll ſay't, I believe you miſtake your Man, this Gentleman is my Brother ; Madam, 'tis I am your Knight ; Madam, 'tis, I am he that is to do the favour.

Fulvia My Knight, ha, ha, ha.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha — her Knight ! Oh fye Brother, you know your ſelf and the Lady better ſure.

Marm. Sir Quibble expreſſes himſelf very Comical in troth, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Quib. Hey da, why what d'ee laugh at all ſo, and where's the Joak ? I'll ſay't I can find none : Why, am not I to marry the Lady Mrs. Quickwit ? and muſt not I be then her Knight ?

Quick. No, no, Sir Quibble there was another Deſign in't from the begining. Fulvia.

Fulvia. Alas Sir, what should you do with a Wife? when d'e think you should get her to be of your side? where would you find an Humour that would be suitable to ye? and why would you prove the Fatal Consequence of disagreeable Marriage, Sir; there's four questions, now answer me quickly.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha——

Sir Quibb. Pray, Madam, hold your ten contented a little; harkee Brother, han't I layd out a hundred and fifty Pounds about this business?

Fred. Within a small matter, I think; why sure you don't grutch to do a small kindness for your Brother?

Sir Quibb. No, but to part with ones Mistress to ones Brother, is a little too much, tho' I'll say't; therefore I must tell ye plainly, Brother, I won't do't.

Quick. You see the Lady is uneasy, Sir *Quibble*.

Sir Quibb. Ay, 'tis all one for that, keep you your distance too, or I'll say't I shall so tan your Quakers hide, I shall make ye act your Play but ill when you come to't agen else; why sure? tho' I have bin led by the Nose a little, and laid out my Money, I can't tell how, I won't lose my Mrs.——ye *Lobrocks* what a Plague I am not such a Fool neither?

Quick. If this blunt Fool should beat us both now, 'twould be a pretty jest?

Fred. Nay then, there's no time for delays; let go her hand and presently, or I'll run my Sword into your Heart.

Sir Quibb. Why then, I'll run mine into your guts; let go my Mistress: No I an't such a Fool neither I tell ye: Odzooks I'll keep her in spite of ye, hoh hoh.

He prepares to fight awkerdly, then Enter Sir Charles, T. Romance, Shinkin Guicum——Sophronia with Constable and Watch.

Sir Char. Will ye so, Sir? that's more than you can promise long, and so have at ye.

Sir Quibb. Nay then, stand to't Brother; I'me of thy side agen now, I'll say't.

[Fight here, and Fredericks Party is beaten off then. Reenter Sir Charles, T. Rom. Shinkin with his Head broke; Guicac. Cunningham, Sophronia, Constable and Watch with Fulvia retaken.]

Sir Charles. So, you are ours once agen, in spite of Fortune. How now Cousin, what Wounded?

Shink. A Plague take your Confounded English Customs, look you, that you cannot get your Wives and your Marriages, but a Shentleman must have his Pate and his Prains peaten out about it? well fare her own Countrey I say, the Pritains have no such Pribbles and Prabbles, and broken Pates by *Cad-wallader*.

When any Prittain pargains for his Sponse;

He prings so many Seep, so many Cows:

The Pridegroom tells the Pride his Loves intent,

And she kind Fool as quickly gives Consent.

No Swords, Cads plutt, nor Cudgells there prevails;

But kiss and Couple, thats the Way in Wales.

A C T. V. Scene 1.

Enter Frederick, Quickwitt, and Marmalett.

Fred. **H**AD ever Man such Cause to Curse his Fortune: to be to meet the long'd for happiness, and then to lose it, doubles the vexation: Oh I could outtrail now a losing Gamester; a Cashier'd Captain; or a Grumbler double Tax'd.

Quick. And I, a Suburb Bawd just come from Carting: A Plague of my *Quakers* shape here; if I had not look'd so like a Rogue, on my Conscience I had thriven better.

Marm. I'm sure my loss is irrecoverable, for I must ne're hope to come into Favour with Sir *Charles* agen, but then the Consolation I have in your sweet promise, Sir, does I confess allay—— [to *Quickwitt*.]

Quick. O prithee good Spouse that must be; no more Love now, my Bones smart a little too much at present, to let me entertain any Amorous Motions— Ah Plague of their Rusty Bills; that Rogue *Cunnington* took care they should all fall on me still; but what's most Comical? As I was running off after you, he comes up to me and with a grave Face, as if he had known nothing of the matter, invites me to drink a stand of Ale with him this Evening at *Numpses*.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha——and wilt thou go?

Quick. Ay by this Light will I; and if I can mould that dull headed Fellow once more rightly, my Witty Antagonist shall have but little cause to boast his late success——come Courage, Sir; they shall make Paste of my Bones with their Battoonse're I give up a Cause I've undertaken, whilst my Brains lye in their right place: This Evening will prove all, till then farewell—If I get the Dice once on my side——the Golds my own yet; I've Art enough to manage them I'm sure. [Exit.]

Marm. I must follow him and put him once more in mind. [Exit.]

Fred. If *Fulvia* were Heiress apparent to the Universe, there could not be more Wit nor diligence us'd about her. This is the third time our Confederate Forces have been repuls'd: And Faith were I not sensible the Castle were stor'd with the best sort of Ammunition, tempting Gold? I think I should have long since rais'd the Siege: for I must confess my self to be of that Pagan Opinion, that there is no one Quality belonging to a Woman, unless it be her Money that can countervail a Man's playing the Fool in Courting her a Month for: This was my Plea with *Sophronia* once, who has some simple passionate Papers of mine still, that I wish I had out of her hands; my deserting was not so very just its true, but then 'twas very profitable, and this damn'd Money has power to make a Rogue of a Man, often times my Constancy, that's most certain? [Exit.]

S C E N E 2.

Enter Sophronia and Fulvia.

Soph. Nay if you'r in a Passion, I'll desist, but if you'll hear, I'll prove it?

Fulvia. What, that *Frederick*'s false! Oh 'tis ridiculous Mallice, and I'll not believe it: I know she lov'd him her self once, and this is now the product of her Envy. [Aside. *Soph.*]

Soph. False as *Brieno* to *Olimpia* in the Story, base, Mercenary, the worst degree of Falsehood.

Fulvia. Ha ha, ha, ha! you rave, you rave, Cousin; I pity ye; pray go home and let blood, you are dangerously distemper'd take my word.

Soph. Not with thy Disease, Child, I'm sure; I swear I would not have it

Fulvia. You talk as if I had the Gout or Palsie, or a long Family Rheumatism, that distinguish'd the Blood of my Relations for ten Ages: VVhat Disease is't you mean——take heed of Scandal Cousin?

Soph. Nay, do you take heed on't Cousin? for the Disease that I mean, has generally some Infection that way, 'tis called a Masculine Calenture, or the Plague of Man-loving; it often seizes upou Creatures of thy Age, and is of that strange Nature, that it dulls and Numbs the Brains as if they were froze, which must be chaf'd and warmed a long time by Reason and Argument, or else the Patient will never return to her right Senses.

Fulvia. Lord, that's a terrible Disease indeed, but yet for all its violence, I have Brains enough left to see a distemper in you too, Cousin; 'tis the Plague of Greediness, and you use me as the great Sister in a Country Cottage does the lesser; you would pack me to Bed without any Supper, because you have a mind to my Bread and Butter.

Soph. No, no, Child, the Case differs between us extreamly, some may feast with a Rasher upon the Coals, whilst others keek at the very smell: And I must have thy Stomach before I can be greedy of thy Dyet.

Fulvia. Come, come, Cousin, you have stomach enough, nay indeed so much that you grow sullen with it, and like a little Child, won't eat your Meal till you see the Plate ready to be given away to another; for as homely a bit as you make of that Rasher, if I am not mistaken in the Morfel, you would be glad of it to relish your Mornings Draught, and for all your Course Name of Rasher, tacitly think it a Gnatt or a VVheat-Ear.

Soph. If *Frederick* be the Wheat-Ear you mean? I had rather have an Old Capon at the latter end of *July*.

Fulvia. Ah, you shall never banter me with that—you'd think him a young Pheasant at the latter end of *October*, if you had him, to my knowledge?

Soph. I think him, prithee if his Species were chnaged, and he were turned into a Cormorant, a Buzzard, or an Owl, 'twere all one to me.

Fulvia. Any thing but the Capon, Cousin, you were speaking of, I dare swear for all your Anger, you have too much Charity, to wish him turned into that.

Soph. It does so little concern my Charity, that I should like my Hen with Eggs very well without any trouble, to know they should never come to be Chickens, and consequently Cocks of the Game. Besides there is so much ill Blood begot now a days, and so many Strains Crossed, that if, for the Future, the Sex were all Capons, I question whether the King would lose e're a good Subject by't.

Fulvia. This is your Satyricall Vein now. Oh! how you Fatten your self with this humour, just like a Noncon, that rails at Episcopacy, not or any just reason, but through self will'd Opinion, and ridiculous Envy; else why is *Frederick* still the Theam of Railing?

Soph. Oh! thou ungrateful Creature, have I not told thee? 'tis through kindness to thee.

Fulvia To me, rather say through Hatred to him, because he Loves me.

Soph. He Loves thee not, his baseness does deceive thee ; his Mercenary Soul Covets thy Fortune ; thy Person is the least of all his wishes.

Fulvia Just so I dream't indeed [*aside*] but 'tis Barbarity to doubt a Lover for an Idle dream ; I'll not be so unjust, come, come, 'tis all Envy ; and to deal freely with ye, I now must tell ye, I take it as an affront, not as a kindness.

Soph. ~~That's all right~~ *But* when they have not Brains enough to know the Courtesy, they term it an Affront.

Fulvia Well, for all your mighty Wit, this shall not get your Ends ; I see your Hatred and your Envy to him, and consequently judge his Love to me : I'll Marry him in spite of all the World.

Soph. Thou shalt not Marry him, tho all the World assist thee.

Fulvia How poor is this, and mean, because my merit appears above those in his deserving Eyes ; thy Heart breeds venom, and thy Slaundrous Tongue, dissension between Lovers.

Soph. Lovers ! Damnation, how She Tortures me ? I tell thee once more thou deceived poor Creature ; he does not Love thee, nor cannot Marry thee if he would, which is a secret ; nothing but sweet revenge could e're draw from me.

Fulvia What, will you Conjure ? shall your plain dealing Faculty Convert it self to Magick ? or d'ee carry a little Familiar under your Girdle, to Enchant us upon occasion ; which way will you do this ?

Soph. That e're the Clock sound Midnight thou shalt know ; in the mean time, let thy Young Hotbrain'd wild unthinking Head remember this from me.

Love may seem great, that in its self is small ;

Looks cover thoughts and interest governs all :

When Damon to an Heiress speaks kind things,

'Tis not for what she is, but what she brings.

[*Exit.*

Fulvia She has so much moved the passion in my Soul, my Eyes can scarce contain it ? what discovery she can make, I know not, but long to be resolved ; tis true, we have had so many lets and troubles in this business ; as if Providence it self dislik'd the proceedings ; but still this is no proof ; besides he has Sworn his faithful Love so often, 'twere infamous and dishonourable to doubt it.

Enter Sir Charles and Stockjobb.

Sir Charles. Madam, I need not tell you my resentments, nor how I relish your ungenerous dealings ; you have reason enough to guess, and after guessing, have wit enough to make me satisfaction.

Fulvia Well, Sir Charles, consideration you know, ne're comes too late.

Sir Charles. Right, Madam, and to shew you that I practice it my self, I will forget your late Discourtesy's and once more address my self, an humble Suitor on my Sons behalf.

Fulvia I will consider of it, mean time, believe this fairness of your Temper wins me more, then all your plots and Stratagems before.

Stock. Come, come ; Slapdash, twill be a Match faith, and so forth ; gad I'll say this for Squire Thomas, he's a Notable person, as my wife informs me ; she says he pushes forward into business mighty well ; he'll be a great encourager of Trade, and so forth.

Sir Charles. I hope my Cander and my Love at last, will force ye to be grateful, and to shew how much I prize a Reconcilement ; this Night we will have
Revels,

Revells and a Ball, and I my self will drink one Glass the more, in honour of the Marriage.

Fulvia Marriage, Sir, is a thing of weight; but as I told ye, Sir, I will consider of it, and to that purpose begg the favour to retire a little. [Exit.]

Sir Charles. Do so, and rest your self against the Evening, for *Tom* intends to lead ye a brisk measure i'faith — so I hope all will be right now. the recent comoderative, which is one great step to Sentiment and Knowledge

[Exit *Sir Charles*.]

Stock. Pugh! Slapdash, the woman has it in her head; now *Sir Charles*, all will go well I see't.

Enter Hotspur in haste.

Hotf. Now Sir, if you have any regard to your Honour, or the Reputation of a Cittizen of *London*, as you have formerly flourished upon, come along with me, and you shall see what a Snake you have foster'd up; or to speak in plainer Terms, you shall see what a Cuckold you are.

Stock. Come, y'are a rude Hectorly to'ther end of Town fellow, I tell ye; pray keep from my House: I a Cuckold because I promote business, and Manage my Wife wisely for the honour of the City; Sir, I scorn your words, for Gadzookes, I had rather be an Elephant.

Hotsp. But in the mean time, you are a Beast of another kind, which come but along with me, shall appear; I will shew thee such things, such Monstrous things.

Stock. What you have seen *Squire Thomas*, I warrant, go into my Wives Chamber privately, or so; well what then? tis about business and so forth, she knows what she does I warrant her.

Hotsp. Ay, but you don't know what she does to my knowledg; come, come, you shall go, I have lodged 'em all yonder, the Welsh Fop, and his Skittish Devil too; your Rooms are all taken up and managed for the honour of the City, and so forth.

Stock. Why then they are managed according to my desire, and so forth. I defy any Cittizens Wife within the Walls, to have a better head for business than her self; for I'll hold a Hundred Pounds, she has drawn one of 'em into some lucky wager or other; nay, nay, prithee hold thy tongue; gad, if thou wer't one of the Apostles, I'de believe nothing against *Pogry* and *Squire Thomas*, not I

Hotf. Why then like an unbelieving Sot as thou art, come and use thy Eyes; nay, nay, no drawing back — by Heaven thou shalt go.

Stock. To laugh at thee, which I know I shall do and Damnably too, I a Cuckold, — oon's as I said before, I shall sooner be an Elephant I'm sure.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE 3.

Enter T. Romance and Shinkin.

T.Rom. Well, I believe I am an Original about Intreague; I don't think there's the fellow of me in Europe; gad take me, for now is my Father thumping his Brains, and plotting to get this Herefs for me, and here am I hunting about

bout for *Sophronia*, upon another Intreague : I conveyed a Letter to her just now, by putting it into the ServiceBook at Church, then dogg'd her home hither, — I must find her out, for I long to know the success on't.

Shink. Well, *Shinkins* was not much behind her in Intreagues, neither look you, for her Cousin *Sifs*, was hide her self hereabouts too, who I find loves Corners and py places extreamly, where gadspit if *Shinkin* can find her, her will ~~be~~ ^{py places are very full of temptation}, but for all her putting toot, there shall be no Marriages in the Case by *St. Davy*, there her will peg her Pardon.

T. Rom. Why, that's spoke like a Man of Intreague, gad take me, would I had my dear Angel here, that I am looking for in a Corner.

Enter Hotspurr and Stockjob listning.

Hotsp. Softly, softly, take care they don't see ye, shees gon I find at present, but I know will soon return ; in the mean time, pray observe the Dialogue between these two Coxcombs.

Stock. I shall observe to laugh at you Egregiously, that I shall and so forth.

T. Rom. *Pogry* stays so long that I see I must leave her, and go and seek out my new Charmer.

Hotsp. *Pogry* — de'e hear, Sir, he begins already.

[*a part to Stock.*

Stock. Well Tom Fool, what o' that?

Shink. Fye, fye, to desert your intreague so soon, was to shew falshoods and inconstancies, which is not like Man of honours, look you.

Hotsp. His intreague, pray mind that Hint too, Sir.

Stock. Jackanapes, what hint, ye Ass you, what Hint?

T. Rom. Pox on't, her over fondness every day tries me more then a Match at Tennis ; here's a Locket she gave me this Morning, which it seems the Fool her Husband gave her Yesterday.

Stock. Humph, — humph.

T. Rom. A trifle worth about Fifty Pounds I believe, she teizes me with such ollies as these every minute almost.

Hotsp. Lookee, Sir, so much for the incouragement of Trade, and so forth.

Stock. By the Lord Major, the very Lockett that I had of Sir Paul *Poundage*, the Goldsmith, to let him have share in my Project of the Catskin, oh ! I am confounded, I cannot believe my Eyes.

Hotsp. Nay, pray Sir don't laugh too extravagantly, Squire *Tomas* is but opening the Jest yet.

T. Rom. But the jest best is, the Cuckold admits me into his Wives Chamber every day, in hopes she will draw me in to lay wagers ; when, gad take me, the only one that ever laid or intend to lay, was a Brals Shilling against a good one, that her next Kid will be a Boy.

Hotsp. There Sir, what think, e of that wager too, has she not drawn him in rarely?

Stock. Oh Villian ! tother End of Town Bully to ruin business too, that's worse then all ; gad I'll speak to my Cousin *Touckhole*, a Captain of the *Trainbands*, to lend me a File of Musquetteers to Shoot the Rampant Dog through the Belly.

Hotsp. Nay, nay, have patience Dick, and don't hinder Trade I say.

Stock. Trade, gadzooks, this is the Devil of a Trade.

T. Rom.

T. Rom. There's a light in the next Room, and ten to one *Sophronia's* there a lone, gad I'll go and see, Cloak and Hat lye you there; if *Pogry* comes in the mean time, let her stay, I have her so much at command, she dares not be angry with me. *Exit.*

Shinkin. Flimms and Flams, and put her toot, — hey Slapdash, why, this is *Bandy-house* fashion, right, the *Wall* — next Room too.

Hotsp. Ay that's all one, 'tis all to promote Trade you know, and for the honour of the City.

Stock. Oh Confusion to the City and all Trade, if this be the Fruits of wagering and stockjobbing, I have no Patience: I'll go to my Cousin *Touch-hole*, immediately: I'll have a dozen Musquets at least.

Hotsp. Nay Faith, stay and see all now, for here's the good Wife coming through the Garden, and here's the Eopps Cloak and Hat left as opportunely to disguise thee, as if we had contrived it; here, here, on with it quickly and Practice his affected Gate, I warrant, you make some strange Discovery.

[*Stock. puts on his Cloak and Hat.*]

Stock. Nay, like enough, but gad I'll send her home agen; if I do, she shall ship for *Piccardy* with the Next Wind — A Cuckold, Oons I had rather be an Elephant by half; but this comes of succouring French Refugees, with a Pox to 'em.

Enter Mrs. Stockjobb with Jewels.

Mrs. Stock. Ah dear Monsieur, I beg your Pardon vid all min Heart, dat I stay so long, but now I speak of mine Heart dat has bin vid you all dis while, and I only stay to take de Convenience of de Fool my Husbands being out of de way, to bring off some small trifles of Gold and Jewels, which are dedicate to de Joy of my Soul, my Hearts Blood, my Treasure. [gives him the Jewels.]

Stock. Slap dash, here's a French Devil for ye and so forth.

Mr. Stock. I am so fatigu'd vid dat Brute, dat I can have patience no longer, and derefore come to trow my self upon you, vid whom I will henceforth live and dye, and whom I will follow all de World over.

Stock. Why? well said *Pogry*, rarely done, *Pogry*, go and be hang'd *Pogry*, good Protestant Refugee, to *Piccardy* go, but the Gold and Jewels shall stay in England, ye Jade. [Unlocks.]

Mrs. Stock. Oh Diable, vat dam misfortune is this?

Hotsp. Nothing, nothing, Madam, I know your Interest with *Dicky*, will turn the Scale immediatly; this is all upon the score of Trade.

Stock. Oh Confound all Trade, Burn the Exchange, hang up all Wagerers and Stockjobbers, and the Devil take all business out of my doors, ye Whore; you are a Protestant, are ye?

Reenter T. Romance.

T. Rom. Gad take me, I had like to have made a damn'n mistake yonder, for instead of *Sophronia*, who should I meet within there, but my Father and the Heirefs, whom he has just carried to his own House, and Commanded me to follow — Hah, *Dicky*! how dost thou?

Stock. Why *Dicky* does wondrous well, Sir, as well as a Cuckold can Sir, that had rather be an Elephant there; there's *Pogry* too, go, go, manage your Trade together.

together, lay another brass Shilling to a Copper one; *Stockjob* lay Wagers and be damn'd together, honest Squire *Thomas*, but gad go to my Cousin *Touch-hole* and get you mawl'd, *Dogbolt*, if I can, for all that, and so farewell t'c. [Exit.]

Hotsp. So now you may launch to *Piccardy* agen, and follow your old Trade of Basketmaking, Jilt; I think I have spoyl'd your Market pretty well here; for your part *Coxcomb*. I'll go and inform your Father of your *Caperna*, that I think will do your business too. [Exit.]

T. Rom. 'Dsdeath if he does that, I'm undone for ever, I must after and prevent it. [Exit.]

Mrs. Stock. Ah! dear Monsieur will you leave me then?

T. Rom. Leave thee, ay gad if thou wert a Cherubin, and I think that's a Station remote enough from a *French Refuge*. [Exit *T. Rom.*]

Mrs. Stock. Was ever hopeful Intreague so spoyl'd—diable must me go [Weeps] to *France* agen too, by dis hand me vill deny dat, me vill Rob, me vill Pick de Pocket, me vill drown, me vill hang before ever me leave Sweet *England*, to go into *France* agen, dat is certain. [Exit weeping.]

SCENE 4th.

Cunnington and *Quickwit* Smoaking at a Table,
with Bottles of Ale.

Cunning. Come all malice apart, prithee lets be grave no longer, but drown Animosities in the bottom of the Pitcher; thou'rt an Ingenious Fellow, and I've a mind to be reconciled to thee, and therefore contrived to meet at this Little Cottage out of the way, where we may speak our minds freely, — Come give me thy hand, shall we be friends?

Quick. Prithee, thou canst not be a friend to any Body.

Cunning. Ha, ha, ha, I know thou'rt angry, but faith *Tom* I could not help it, thou knowest tis naturall to me to Love Mischief.

Quick. Come pull away then. [Drinks.]

Cunning. Come Faith the Heirefs health, let's remember her that we have had all this buble about; ye witty Rogue you, I'm damnably afraid you'l get her from us agen, for all her Guardian has her so fast.

Quick. Very well Sir, insult, insult; you have the Dice, you may do what you please, ha, ha, ha, gad I should lose another Brace of Fifties if thou shouldst, but I think I may venture her this once.

Quick. Ay, Pox on ye for a Witty Rogue, you have the better of me clearly, my Brains are quite dull'd.

Cunn. Then nor to banter any longer, the Match betwixt young *Romance* and her is made up, and we are to have a Ball at Sir *Charles's* House immediately: I wait here for some Masquerading Habits, that I have sent a Messenger to borrow at *Twickenham*; there's to be a little Masque too of *Pluto*, *Orpheus*, and *Euridice*, of my Composing, and the Musick of *Mr. Purcells*—here's the Design, I'll shew it thee.

Quickwit. Ay hang ye, you us'd to be Ingenious enough at these things.

Enter

Enter Numps.

Numps. There's a Man without, with a Bundle, desires to speak with us.

[To Cunington.]

Cun. Oh! that's well, 'tis the Fellow with the Habits, I must go and take 'em. [Exit.]

Numps. Ah Master *Quickwit*, *Numps* was a damn'd sower part for me, it was adswowkers, but d'e hear, when am I to be paid for't, I was only thrash'd confoundedly for acting so well,——that's all I have got yet.

Quick. Why now the happy Minute's come to make ample satisfaction to us both, and do but as I advise thee, thou shalt get thy Twenty Pounds presently, and Mr. *Frederick* shall have the Heiress into the bargain.

Numps. Odswowkers, how can that be, Master *Quickwit*?

Quick. Do'st know this Fellow that went out?

Numps. Not I, I never saw him in my life.

Quick. This is that very Rogue that betray'd us to Sir *Charles*, and the Doctor, that procur'd thy beating, and has ever since frustrated our Plots upon the Heiress.

Numps. 'Sbud, my Bones ake at the very thought on't; oh Dog Villain, is this he?

Quick. This is the very Rascal, who is now gone out for some disguises to make some Dancing Entertainment there this Evening; now if thou can'st but get two or three of thy honest Neighbours to seize him, I'll contrive the Heiress for *Frederick*, and he shall have the Guinies ready for thee.

Numps. 'Odzookes Master *Quickwit*, I'll do it immediately, for it never could happen in a better time, for I have three or four Neighbours here drinking in the next Room, that will do't for Mr. *Frederick* at a words speaking.——

Quick. Away then dear *Numps*, and call 'em instantly,——now Fortune favour this once, and be my Goddess for ever after. [Exit *Numps*.]

Re-enter Cunington with a bundle.

Cun. Well, prithee tell me now, how do'st like the contrivance, you must know I am to do *Pluto* there my self.

Quick. Nay, thou art the fittest Person to act the Devil, of any one I know, that I'll say for thee.

Cun. Ha, ha, ha, prithee leave off thy frumps, thou can'st not forgive me heartily yet, I see, come faith, give me thy Hand, I'll contract a Friendship with thee.

Quick. Ay, that's likely to prove well, why, thou never yet could'st be a Friend to thy self, much less to any one else.

Cun. Faith, the Heiress and I will drink thy health presently, but you shall promise me, you won't get her from me agen, you wistry Rascal——you shall faith, ha, ha, ha.——

Enter Numps, and 3 or 4 Countrymen.

Quick. W'are Catchpol'd Joe——I'll promise nothing.

Cun. How now, what a Devil's the matter now? *[They seize him]*

Numps. Come, Sir, you must go along with us.

Cun. With you, whither, for what——'Oons are the Men mad?

Quick. Alas, good Sir, why de'ye pull and haul the Gentleman so,
'Dshart, what's the matter I say, what have I done?

1 Count. What has he done Brother? By the Maskins I can't tell.

Quick. Tell him he has spoke Treasonable words against the Government.

Numps. Secure him as a Traytor, he has spoke some vengenable words——against the Government.

Cun. Who I, 'dsdeath, I?

Omn. Oh, Rogue, Villain, has he so, we'll hamper ye.

Quick. A Traytor, nay then there may be Treason in this bundle for ought I know, I'll secure that. *[Takes away the bundle.]*

Cun. 'Sbud I have said nothing, ye are all mad sure, I tell ye you mistake your Man,——Brother, prithee put in a word for me.

Quick. No, Brother, no, Treason's a dangerous thing, I dare not meddle in't.

Numps. Come, come, away with him to Mr. Soakes the Constables, and then let him deal with him.

2 Count. Ay, ay, away with him, away with him.

Quick. Pray remember to drink my Health with the Heirefs, good Brother.

Count. Away with him, Gentlemen, away with him, ha, ha, ha.——

Cun. Ah, plague upon ye, help, help, Murder, Murder.

Quick. So, now I'll to *Frederick* immediately——the Dice are now on my side——and if I don't thrive now by my Hand, I shall despair hereafter. *[Exit.]*

SCENE *Ultima.*

Enter Sir Charles and Guisum, Hotspurr, and T. Romance.

Hotsp. You'll be sure to keep your promise.

Rom. Punctually, keep but my Counsel, and Five Hundred Pounds are thine at the day of Marriage.

Hotsp. Well, Sir, upon that condition my Mouth is seal'd up, and your Father shall know nothing, but if you abuse my trust, *Bilbo's* the word, you know what I mean.

T. Rom.

T. Rom. Well, well, not a word more, this plaguy hot-headed Fellow,——may do me mischief now, but when I'm once Married, I'll mannage him as I see occasion.—— [Aside.

Hotsp. Since *Fredericks* ill fortune has made him do the Honour, its some part of Revenge, to make this Fool pay soundly for it.

Sir Char. Come, where are the Musick and the Dancers,——*Son Tom*, why methinks thou art lazy in the business.

T. Rom. Mr. *Cunington* is not come yet, Sir, with the Habits, but we expect him every Minute; gad take me, my head runs so much upon *Sophronia*, that I can get nothing else into't for the heart o'me.

Guiaf. Well, I am glad to see things in so good a posture at last, by the life of *Gallen*, all great advantages are acquired with great trouble——she's an Heiress and Rich, the more difficult still to be obtain'd, but——Patience and Industry make all things easie; I forgive her trick upon me with all my Heart, and shall be well pleas'd to Tope a Bumper at her Wedding.

Sir Char. Oh, Mr. *Hotspurr*, y'are welcome, I see my Son and you are reconcil'd, and honourably I make no question, therefore shall be glad to appear your Friend.

Hotsp. Friend, ay, just as the Friendship of the World is, he cares not Threepence if I were Strapado'd; nor I three Farthings if he were Hang'd.—— [Apart.

Enter Shinkin, and Squeamish with a Paper.

Squeam. Oh horrid! to infringe your Word and Honour, is a baseness not proper for a Gentleman, and I'll discover it to your Uncle, as I'mc a Virgin.—— [Weeps.

Shink. And Gadspit, to Marry Wildcats, and Harridans, and her knows not what, is like Fools by St. *Davy*, and her will discover that too.

Sir Char. How now, what's the matter, Cousin *Rice*, what is't occasions the Lady's tears.

Squeam. I'll tell you, Sir *Charles*, tho' I confess the odious story ought to be conceal'd, but since my Honour is concern'd, it must out.

T. Rom. For now we shall hear a *Welsh* Intrigue, gad take me, I shall bring a new method on't by degrees, in all the Countys about *England*.

Squeam. You all know my detestation of Lampoons, and the care I have always taken, to prevent 'em, but you must know, this Gentleman, having long made an honourable Address of Love to me, upon condition that he defended me against scandal by Marriage,——at last I consented.

Shink. Gadspit her only talk'd of Marriages, look you to keep her from squeaking and squawling, her intentions were quite other things by Cadway.

T. Rom. Ay, ay,——Madam, to my knowledge, my Cousin *Rice* hates Marriage, as much as you do a Lampoon, you are mistaken in your Man——gad take me.

Squeam. The more reprobate Person he, for Heaven knows, Sir *Charles*, how loth I was to Intrigue with any Man, and to that purpose, have often ran up into my Chamber, got into dark Closets, Cellars, Larders, and such by-places, where I thought the mischief of Man, could not overtake me, as I'm a Virgin.

I. Kom. Where you thought the mischief of Man would soonest overtake ye, as I'm a Virgin.

Sir Char. Son *Tom*, *Tace*, proceed Madam.

Squeam. But in spite of all my industry, this wild *Welsh* Creature has still found me out, and has publish'd himself and me, in so particular a manner, that here I am in a Lampoon again, and in so filthy a stile, that I vow I'm ashamed to read it. [Weeps.]

Shink. What signifies running into Closets, and Cellars, and Larders, was not all her Doors left open, can her deny that?

Squeam. Alas, I had not presence of mind enough, to shut the Door upon him, this is my deplorable case, Sir *Charles*, and if he does not Marry me, I must never shew my Face in the World again, I am utterly undone, as I'm a Virgin.

Shink. Her has been as much undone; look you in Cellars, and Closets, fery often before *Shinkin's* found her there, as report goes, and to be prief, her shan't marry *Harridans* and *Wildcats*, and there's, there's the resolution of a true *Prittain*, look you. [Exit *Shinkin*.]

Squeam. Never particular with any Person, since I was born before, as I'm a Virgin.

Sir Char. Well, well, go after and teize him, this business must be debated at a more convenient hour, for I see the Entertainment is going forward, here comes my Daughter,——now *Tom* mind your business.

[Exit *Squeam*.]

Enter Fulvia, and Sophronia.

Fulvia. Cousin, no more, the proofs are clear and manifest, and as you relish my proceedings, second me.

Soph. Against the World, in such a generous action.

Enter Mummers, and Sir Quibble, disguis'd amongst 'em.

Guia. Pray, what are these, Sir *Charles*?

Sir Char. Oh, these are *Mummers*, some of the young fry of the Neighbour-hood that having a frolick this Evening, desire to give us a share on't, the Subject is the stealing an Heiress, and the Figures are Love, Desire, Youth, and Avarice, that all Court the Lady *Pecunia*, the design is pretty enough, come let 'em begin.

They Dance.

S O N G.

SONG here.

Then enter Frederick and Quickwit disguis'd like Pluto and Orpheus. Marmalet following.

Guiac. Here's more, what are these?

Sir Char. Oh, this is *Cunnington's* contrivance, a little masque of *Pluto*, *Orpheus*, and *Euridice*, pray let's observe.

Marm. They desire to practice with *Euridice* a little in the next room, and then you shall see 'em do it perfectly. Come, Madam, this is the rarest contrivance to escape that ever you had. *[Aside to Fulvia.]*

[Fred. takes one of Fulvia's hands, Quickwit the other, and as they are leading her off she turns back.]

Fulvia. Hold, hold, are ye mad? why, *Sir Charles*, and you Squire Small-brains, you will not suffer me to be carried off thus before your faces, will ye?

Sir Char. But into the next room to practice a little, Madam.

T. Rom. You are to act *Euridice*, you know, Madam, and they will only see if you are perfect in your cue; *Mr. Cunningham* there, has shewn me the whole design.

Fulvia. And *Mr. Quickwit*, the witty Player here, has shewn it me, *Sir*. Come, *Pluto*, you must unmask. *[Unmasks Quickwit.]*

Quick. 'Dsdeath, Madam, what d'ye mean, you wont discover us, and undoe all?

Fulvia. Yes faith, *Sir*, I've a fancy in my head that 'tis not lucky to be stolen to day; therefore you *Orpheus*, otherwise call'd *Frederick* the constant, you must uncover too, your singing will hardly get ye a Mistress to night, I can assure ye.

Fred. She discovers us——Death and Confusion! what new turn's this?

Soph. Methinks, *Mr. Heirefs-stealer*, you look very blank o'th' sudden.

Fred. Ay, 'tis so——this is the Female Devil that has done me this admirable good turn, I find it now, and my disgrace approaching: Oh! damn'd! damn'd Fortune!

Fulvia. What think ye now, *Sir Charles*? am I not very just to my Guardian?

Sir Char. This is such an affront, as nothing but my Sword can do me justice in. *[Draws.]*

T. Rom. Gad take me, the Devil's in 'em for plotting, I think; will they never let us alone?

Guiac. That Devil *Quickwit* in the Plot agen! I hope you'll give him one good thrust for my sake.

Fulvia. Nay, no fighting, good Gentlemen: Well, well, *Sir*, I understand ye, but you are so hasty——*[To Sir Quibble.]* Look ee, *Sir Charles*, here's another part of the Jest remains still, which this Gentleman *Mummer* is wittily concerned in too, who having no ill opinion of himself, and consequently

{ Sir Quibble endeavours to pull her aside, and she refuses.

sequently believing I had a very good one of him, sent me word he was bail'd, and his present design of mumming, bribing some of his Tenants to act it, and help carry me off; and is really, and in specie, the very numerical and amorous Knight, Sir Quibble Quere.

Guic. Sir Quibble Quere too? why, here are all the Fools in the Nation

are concerned in this Plot.

Sir Quib. 'Dsheart, why will you discover me now, Madam? I'll say't, 'twas the purest design that ever was laid, but I hope you'll marry me for all this, for you know I have laid out a pour of Money upon't, and have now a Coach and six Horses ready at the Garden-gate for ye, I'll say't, you ought to consider now, Madam; what a dickins, Conscience is Conscience all the World over.

Fulvia. Learnedly argued, Sir Quibble, and you shall see what Justice I'll do you all presently; first you, Sir, that through the [To Fred. baseness of your sordid nature, and mercenary thirst of gain, abus'd me, take that as a reward for your Ingratitude and my Eternal hatred for the future.

[Gives him his promise of Marriage to Sophronia.

Fred. My contract of Marriage to *Sophronia*!—this is the Thunder-bolt I always dreaded, and 'tis fall'n with a vengeance.

Fulvia. Read there a base Deceiver's Character, and for thy sake may never generous Maid, trust thy false Sex to be again betray'd.

Soph. Instead of Heiresses and blooming Brides with fifty thousand Pounds, Stick to your old Doll Commons of the Town, And cater as you us'd for half a Crown. [Scornfully.

Fred. Peace, Witch, Fury, now could I eat that Satyrical Devil without Salt for my Breakfast! Torture and Death! to stay here too, and be baited, is worse than breaking upon the Wheel!—Hell take all Heiresses, and all the Sex besides. [Exit Fred.

Sir Quib. Ha, ha, ha, alas poor Brother, I see now I am to be the happy Man.

Fulvia. Troth no, Sir, I must beg your pardon too——your Estate is wasted with disbursing Sums to go a Fortune-hunting; nor have you Brains enough to get another, and to marry a Ninny, a Bankrupt, no, as you us'd to say, Sir, I a'n't such a Fool neither.

T. Rom. You may send home your Coach, Sir Quibble, you will have no use for it here, Gad take me.

Sir Quib. Why then a Plague of all Intrigues: I'll go and get drunk, and despise all Womankind, for I'll say't, I'll ne're hang my self about the matter, but I'll have my Money again if there be Law in England, let the Women go to the Devil, I'll not be chous'd out of that; what a Pox, I a'n't such a Fool neither. [Exit Sir Quibble.

Fulvia. Ha, ha, ha,——thus far, Sir Charles, you see how far I have discharg'd your Trust, do ye resolve therefore to deliver up your Guardianship freely, that I may have generous liberty to pursue my Inclinations.

Sir Char. Madam, with all my heart, before this Company I declare you free to chuse a new Guardian where you please, and to confirm it, take

take there the Keys where all your Writings are, and the Power left me by your Father,—I see she intends to give her self generously to my Son, and therefore to confine her, were ungenerous.

[*Aside to the Doctor.*

Guic. There stands the Gentleman Madam, if you design him, the quicker work the better.

Fulvia. That might have been done, indeed, Doctor, to oblige Sir Charles, but the Gentleman you speak of, has made a better choice, as this can witness.

[*Gives Sir Charles a Letter.*

Sir Char. How's this! a Letter of Courtship to *Sophronia*!

Fulvia. Oh! and so full of Passion, Flame, and Darts, that it almost scorch'd me when I read it.

Sir Char. Oh Villain! Dolt! Town-Fop! have I been racking my Brains all this while to get an Heiress to thy purpose! what's the meaning of this, Sirrah?

T. Rom. Why the meaning is, that I love all the Sex, gad take me, and can no more confine my self to one Woman, than to one Suit of Cloaths; if you don't like the humour you might have got me a better, that's all I know of the matter.

Sir Char. Insupportable Coxcomb! I'll disinheret thee immediately.

Guic. More turns and Plots, this is a very Comedy, by the life of *Gallen*.

Hotsp. So, I find I am like to Cudgel my five hundred Pounds out of my Spark, for the Devil a penny he's like to get by the Heiress—but stay, who the Devil will she chuse,—if I should be the Man at last.

Fulvia. Since such a general defect of honesty corrupts the Age, I'll no more trust Mankind, but lay my Fortune out upon my self, and flourish in contempt of humane Falshood: as for thy part that hast been a main Actor in this business, and with contriving wit well manag'd it, to let thee see th' Ingenious still gets Friends, I will with Gold reward thy Industry, nor shall honest *Numps*, nay, nor your Comrade, be either of them forgotten,—but be instantly brought hither, and share a part of Bounty.

[*To Quickwit.*

Quick. 'Tis my Glory, Madam, to be outwitted by you, and if my Brain did any thing uncommon, it was by you inspir'd.

Marm. Well, since Fortune has contriv'd the business, so I hope, Sir, you think it time to remember me.

Quick. Oh, prithee, dear venerability, have patience a little, thou seest all the Marriages are frustrated at present, and 'tis not fit we should be singular, my dear Antiquity.

Marm. Alas, sweet Sir, but delays you know are dangerous, and if I should be balk'd in my Expectation, my heart is so set upon't that I should annihilate that very moment, I should dye, as I'm a Christian.

Fulvia. Well, Cousin, what think ye now of my Resolution, have I not done Justice?

Soph. Most generous Maid, thou art a dear Example for all thy Sex to copy out thy Virtue, for that a kind and tender heart like thine, moulded

moulded for Love, and softened with Endearments, should generously on the account of honour, resist a Traytor, that with strong Enchantments of Vows and Oaths, had long time made Impression, is a performance heightened to a wonder, and will be reverenc'd in succeeding ages.

Fulvia. My eyes in contradiction to the World, have ever (scorning Interest) fix'd on Merit, and led by Love and Generous Inclination have move to make that Sentiment appear by a free present of my Heart and Fortune to one I thought as nobly had deserv'd 'em. But, oh! the Race of Men are all Deceivers, and my relief, is my resolve to shun 'em; 'tis, my dear Friend, as thou hast lately told me, which for Instruction I will still repeat.

Love may seem great that in it self is small,
Looks cover thoughts, and Interest governs all;
When *Damon* to an Heiress speaks kind things,
'Tis not for what she is, but what she brings.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

OF all the Criticks met to judge this Play,
The Fortune-Hunters must are fear'd to day;
Who must be vex'd that they've a Brother found
So odly balk'd of fifty thousand Pound:
And I confess they have some cause to rage;
The Spark has lost a tempting Equipage,
A Coach, a set of Barbs, such darling things,
Nay, six lac'd Footmen finer than the Kings;
Besides a fine bred Miss embroider'd round
With a Rump Crochet worth five hundred Pound.
These Gems to lose of deep concern must be;
But yet considering the equality,
How oft ye chauce poor Women, is't not fit
Once in an age the Biter should be bit;
To be so often fool'd I think is civil,
But to be Changelings always is the Devil.
Besides, the truth is, we find out your Arts (Hearts);
Love guilds your Tongues, but Money guides your
In Songs you term our Faces Charming fair;
But 'tis the gilt Charming face our Gold does
That treats us with your Poetry and Air. (bear, }

If (she's a swinging Fortune be the cry)
Then gad there's no such Angel in the Skie:
But should Small-Pox or Poverty invade,
Then, who would visit such a Polecat Fade, }
And Plague upon her is your Serenade.
Of moderate Worth, or Wealth you'll ne're allow;
She must be still the Eagle or the Crow:
This Theam occasions our new Scenes to Night,
To shew a Woman once was in the right:
The Satyr's gentle, and I think 'tis new,
And only meant to teach ye to be true.
You should with patience bear the healing smart, }
Kiss the kind Rod, and take it in good part;
But if you swell, and shew a stubborn Heart, }
If in your Breasts ungrateful Passions sway,
And you should rail at me, and at the Play,
May then this dire Revenge pursue ye round; }
May each one that has such an Heiress found;
Lose her at last, and fifty thousand Pound. }

FINIS.

